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MEMOIRS OF DR. ZIMMERMAN.

*Concluded from page 185.*

IT was at this period that he resumed his great work on "Solitude," which was his favourite performance, near thirty years after he published his first essay. It is in four volumes; the two first of which appeared in 1784, and the two last in 1786. There is a translation of it, or rather of part of it, in French, in one small volume 8vo.

His work upon Solitude was received with great *éclat*, not only in Germany, but wherever German was read, and procured him a correspondence which gratified him extremely: I mean that of the empress of Russia, to whom the book had been sent without his knowledge: it was not indeed to be expected that he should think of offering to such a sovereign a work which so well paints the happiness to be enjoyed in retirement from the world. That princess, however, was so well pleased with it, that she

determined herself to send her thanks to the author. The 26th of January, 1786, a courier from M. de Grosse, envoy from Russia to Hamburgh, brought M. Zimmerman a small box containing a ring set with diamonds of extraordinary size and beauty, with a golden medal, bearing on one side the figure of the empress, and on the other the happy reform of the Russian monarchy. That princess had also added a note in her own handwriting, containing these remarkable words: "To M. Zimmerman, counsellor of state, and physician of his Britannic majesty, to thank him for the excellent precepts he has given mankind in his book upon Solitude." This note was accompanied by a letter from M. de Grosse, who proposed to him, by desire of the empress, to come and pass a few months in the summer at St. Petersburg, because she wished to be personally acquainted with him.

His letter to the empress was full of expressions of gratitude ; but he wrote to M. de Grosse that he feared he could not undertake the journey without endangering his health, though, if her majesty continued to desire it, he would undertake it. The empress dispensed with it in the most gracious manner, by writing to him, "that she did not wish his health should suffer on account of the pleasure she should experience from the journey." This correspondence lasted six years, till the commencement of 1791, when the empress dropped it all at once. The ordinary subjects of their letters were politics, literature, and philosophy. "All those of the empress contain the most elevated sentiments, and every mark of an amiable mind." Physic was never once mentioned ; but she often said to him, and seemed to wish him to say in public, that her health was good, and did not cost her thirty sols a year. She, however, caused it to be proposed to him, without appearing in it herself, to establish himself at St. Petersburg as her first physician ; and he was offered a salary of 10,000 roubles. When he had refused the offer, she desired him to procure young physicians and surgeons for her armies, and for those towns of the empire that were in want of them ; several of those he sent have become rich and happy ; and, in gratitude for the service he had rendered the state, she sent to him the cross of the order of Wladimir ; another time she sent him two elegant golden medals, struck in honour of M. Morloff, upon account of the plague at Moscow, and the destruction of the Turkish fleet.

In the journey which Zimmerman made to Berlin, he had a long audience with the king at Potsdam ; of which audience he narrated the principal circumstances to a friend, who seems to have communicated his letter to some inconsiderate person, and it was published mutilated and falsified, without the knowledge of the author ; who, how-

ever, had it printed again after his journey to Potsdam in 1786.

M. Zimmerman arrived at Potsdam on the 23d of June, and remained there till the 11th of July ; he immediately perceived that there were no hopes of restoring the king ; and he took care not to fatigue an irritable and weakened body by active remedies, that would have augmented its weakness, and occasioned violent symptoms, without producing any possible good effect. Upon his return to Hanover, he gave a history of his journey, which is replete with interesting facts, and is still read with pleasure. Of this performance there are two French translations.

In 1788, when the king of England was ill, the Hanoverian ministry sent him to Holland, that he might be nearer London, in case his presence should become necessary there. He remained at the Hague ten days, and did not leave it till all danger was over. To be invited by one king who knew mankind so well ; to be sent by a ministry, who for twenty years had witnessed his ability, into Holland, to be there ready to succour another king attended by physicians of the first reputation, afforded new and striking testimonies to his reputation as a medical man ; flattered him extremely, and made him feel that delightful sensation which is naturally consequent on public esteem. He was beloved, and enjoyed the confidence of the prince and town to which he had devoted himself, as well as of all the north of Europe.

It was precisely at this epoch that a train of troubles began which had two different causes, and which embittered the latter years of this excellent man's life.

His letter upon his presentation to the king in 1771 had been criticised with the greatest severity, and the gentleman who caused it to be printed without the author's consent certainly did wrong. His account of his journey in 1786, which it was natural enough to publish,



but which contained several episodes, and among them one upon the irreligion of the people of Berlin, which irritated, or served as a pretext to persons who wished to be irritated, was still more severely scrutinized. Fickle minds are displeased when they can only smile and shut the book. This was a cause of trouble to him; but did not prevent him from employing himself upon other works, of which the same hero was the object. He forgot that to write the history of a king during the life of his contemporaries is to write it too soon, and that those only who never knew, are permitted to praise him.

The second cause of his vexations at this time was his love for religion, humanity, and good order; and it was this that inflicted the mortal stroke.

[Dr. Tissot, in this part of his work, details Dr. Zimmerman's account of the secret order of the illuminated: a sect, the object of which, he had persuaded himself, was to destroy the christian religion, and to overthrow every throne and every government.]

A correspondence soon commenced between M. Zimmerman and a great number of persons who saw and thought as he did; but, although this correspondence gave him infinite satisfaction, it nevertheless impaired his force.

Among these correspondents he met with one of whom he no more thought while writing the "*Memoirs of Frederic*," than he had thought of the empress of Russia when writing his treatise on "*Solitude*." In 1791, he received some very pressing letters from M. Hoffman, a man of great learning, and professor of eloquence at Vienna, who appeared very zealous for the cause of good order, proposed establishing a journal for its defence, and requested directions, advice, and materials. M. Zimmerman was very punctual in answering him; and in several letters hinted at means to be employed by the

princes for suppressing these new revolutionists. In a short time, M. Hoffman informed him that the emperor (Leopold II) patronised his journal, and was determined to exert his utmost authority to crush the league. Thus informed of the sentiments of this prince, M. Zimmerman thought it proper to address to him a memorial, in which he explained all he knew of the principles of the sect, and the danger of it, with the best methods of preventing its fatal consequences. This memorial was presented the beginning of February, and on the 28th he received a letter in which the emperor testified his approbation of the work, and presented him with a mark of his gratitude: it was a box set in diamonds, with his cypher. A letter from the person whom he had employed to present his work, and with whom the emperor had conversed concerning it, entered into very minute details relative to the intentions of that prince, and declared that Leopold was resolved immediately to employ the measures which he (M. Zimmerman) had recommended; and farther, that, in order to extend their influence, the affair should be represented to the diet of Ratisbon as an object which demanded the most serious deliberation.

M. Zimmerman was, without doubt, much flattered by receiving marks of approbation from so enlightened a judge; but this circumstance constituted but a small portion of the pleasure which he experienced from the emperor's letter. To form a just idea of this pleasure, it is necessary to imagine that we behold a man very industriously and almost solely employed for several years past, in discovering the sources, exposing the danger, and endeavouring to point out expedients to prevent the dreadful consequences of a scourge fallen on the earth, of which he had already seen millions of victims, and the ravages of which extended with astonishing rapidity; who had not till then had

the least success, who had made a multitude of enemies by his courage and perseverance, but who at last sees the greatest monarch in Europe adopt his ideas, thank him for his zeal, approve his measures, and put his own hand to the execution of the work. But after having participated with M. Zimmerman in his gratification, let us conceive what he felt when, a few days after, he was informed of the unexpected death of the emperor, accompanied with very mysterious circumstances. It is easy to imagine what a severe stroke this sudden death of his patron must have inflicted upon his susceptible mind.

M. Hoffman having lost his protector, was persecuted by his enemies, who compelled him to abandon his journal, the first work of the kind that had opposed the torrent: they succeeded in depriving him of his professorship, and obliged him to quit Vienna; but they could not prevent his continuing to write with the same courage and zeal.

M. Zimmerman soon recovered from the dejection into which this event had thrown him, and redoubled his activity; he extended his correspondence, and published fresh pamphlets: to some of these he affixed his name, but thought it unnecessary to do so to all: many were known by the energy of his thoughts, and the lustre of his style, the characters of which are equivalent to a signature with such readers as know what style is: but unfortunately these characters are not admitted as evidence before tribunals; and M. Zimmerman had a very vexatious lawsuit, in consequence of not having remembered that a man may disavow his writings at his pleasure, if he does not put his name at full length to his works. In 1792, he inserted in M. Hoffman's journal some sheets entitled "*Baron de Knigge unveiled as an Illuminate, Democrat, and Seducer of the People*;" and proved his assertions by the baron's own writings.

Among the works which he quoted, one was anonymous, which rendered it very difficult to prove the author: the baron availed himself of this circumstance to represent M. Zimmerman's memoir as a scandalous libel, and commenced an action for damages against him. The cause was delayed for a long time, and was not tried till February, 1795, a period when my friend was not only too weak to defend it, but even to interest himself about it. It was decided, that he had certainly proved the baron to be a dangerous man, &c., but that nevertheless he should apologise for having publicly insulted him, unless he could prove that the anonymous pamphlet came from him, though his name was not affixed.

Deeply impressed with the importance of his cause, Zimmerman gave himself up to labours that rapidly destroyed his health; not only inasmuch as an unremitted occupation of the mind hurts it more than any thing else, but also because when he was employed in any work his manner of living was changed in a very prejudicial manner: he rose very early in the morning, and wrote a long while before he began visits, and in the evening, after having finished the professional business of the day, instead of easing and diverting his mind in society, he again went to work, and remained at it frequently till a very late hour. His mind was thus in continual action, and his body had not the repose it required; he bore up, however, very well for several years; and, on the 4th of October, 1794, he wrote me a letter in which there is the same strength of expression, the same justness of thought, and the same precision of arrangement, as in those preceding: he there clearly pointed out the progress of the society, which became daily more dangerous: "She is mistress of almost every press, of every book-seller, of every German journal, and of all the courts. The causes of the disasters



of this last campaign are the same as those of the events of Chalons in 1762." This letter also contained the most lively expressions of his joy at hearing of my cure; yet there was one sentence bearing traces of the most profound melancholy, which gave me the greatest pain: "I run a risk yet of becoming this year a poor emigrant, forced to abandon his house with the dear companion of his life, without knowing where to direct his course, or where to find a bed to die on." The invasion of the electorate, the sacking of Hanover, and the necessity of abandoning it, was certainly at that time to be feared, if the negotiation had not saved what the armies did not defend: but Zimmerman's manner of expressing his fears announced the greatest depression. I saw therein a mind whose springs began to fail, and which dared no longer say, as it could have justly done, "I carry every thing with me." I neglected nothing in order to raise his spirits, and entreated him to come to me with his wife, to a country that was his own, where he would have remained in the most perfect security, and enjoyed all the sweets of peace and friendship. He answered me in December, and one part of his letter resembled those of other times; but melancholy was still more strongly marked, and the illness of his wife, which he unfortunately thought more serious than it really was, evidently oppressed him: he had been obliged to take three days to write me details which at another time would not have occupied him an hour, and concluded his letter with, "I conjure you, perhaps for the last time, &c." The idea that he should write no more to his friend (and unfortunately the event justified him), the difficulty of writing a few pages, the still fixed idea of being forced to leave Hanover, although the face of affairs had entirely changed; all, all indicated the loss I was about to sustain.

From the month of November he had lost his sleep, his appetite, his strength, and became sensibly thinner; and this state of decline continued to increase. In January, he was still able to make a few visits in his carriage; but he frequently fainted on the stairs: it was painful for him to write a prescription: he sometimes complained of a confusion in his head, and he at length gave over all business. This was at first taken for an effect of hypochondria, but it was soon perceived, that his deep melancholy had destroyed the chain of his ideas. What has happened to so many men of genius, befel him. One strong idea masters every other, and subdues the mind that is no longer able either to drive it away, or to lose sight of it. Preserving all his presence of mind, all his perspicuity, and justness of thought on other subjects, but no longer desirous of occupying himself with them, no longer capable of any business, nor of giving advice, but with pain, he had unceasingly before his eyes the enemy plundering his house, as Pascal always saw a globe of fire near him, Bonnet his friend robbing him, and Spinello the devil opposite to him. In February he commenced taking medicines, which were either prescribed by himself or by the physicians whom he consulted: at the beginning of March he desired my advice; but he was no longer able himself to describe his disorder, and his wife wrote me an account of it. I answered her immediately; but of what avail can be the directions of an absent physician in a disorder whose progress is rapid, when there must necessarily be an interim of near a month between the advice asked, and the directions received? His health decayed so fast, that M. Wichman, who attended him, thought a journey and change of air would now be the best remedy. Eutin, a place in the dutchy of Holstein, was fixed upon for his residence. In going through Luneburgh on his way thither, M.

Lentin, one of the physicians in whom he placed much confidence, was consulted; but Zimmerman, who, though so often uneasy on account of health, had, notwithstanding, had the wisdom to take few medicines, and who did not like them, always had a crowd of objections to make against the best advice, and did nothing. Arrived at Eutin, an old acquaintance and his family lavished on him all the caresses of friendship. This reception highly pleased him, and he grew rather better. M. Hensler came from Kiel to see him, and gave him his advice, which was probably very good, but became useless, as it was very irregularly followed. At last, after a residence of three months, he desired to return to Hanover, where he entered his house with the same idea with which he had left it; he thought it plundered, and imagined himself totally ruined. I wrote to intreat him to go to Carlsbad; but he was no longer capable of bearing the journey. Disgust, want of sleep, and weakness, increased rapidly; he took scarcely any nourishment, either on account of insurmountable aversion, or because it was painful to him; or perhaps, as M. Wichman believed, because he imagined he had not a farthing left. Intense application, the troubles of his mind, his pains, want of sleep, and, lastly (as I have just said), want of sufficient nourishment, had on him all the effects of time, and hastened old age: at sixty-six he was in a state of complete decrepitude, and his body was become a perfect skeleton. He clearly foresaw the issue of his disorder: and above six weeks before his death he said to this same physician, "I shall die slowly, but very painfully;" and fourteen hours before he expired, he said, "leave me alone, I am dying." This must have been a sweet sensation for a man in the midst of so many incurable evils, and who had lived as he had done. This excellent man died on the 7th of October, 1795.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF  
HISTORY.

*By the Rev. G. Walker, F. R. S.*

THE encomiums which history has received from writers of the first fame in every age, the high rank which it holds among the productions of human genius, and the general avidity with which it is read, are such arguments of intrinsic worth or interest, or both, that he must be hardy indeed who should throw down his gauntlet as the adversary of history. If such were my intention, it would argue a boldness approaching to immodesty, and would be a severe condemnation of my own conduct through life. In no form of literature have I felt a deeper interest; from few, if any, derived greater improvement; to none devoted a greater portion of time. I should think it not extravagant to say, that I have with pleasure perused a million pages of history in the course of my literary life. It cannot therefore be supposed, that I mean to detract one iota from the real worth, importance, and interest of history. But, like the enraptured lover, the admirers of history may ascribe to her what she has no claim to, viz. that of being eminently the instructress of moral; and the questioning this supposed attribute is the sole object of the present essay.

This attribute has certainly been ascribed to history by writers of great repute, whose judgment on any subject ought not lightly to be arraigned. But

*Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri—HOR.*

is a maxim sanctioned by high authority, and essential to the freedom of the human mind. The jesuit Strada, lord Bolingbroke, Vertot, Dr. Priestley, and many others, if my recollection do not fail me, have considered this praise as appropriately due to history. But on what grounds I am utterly ignorant; for,



to the best of my remembrance, they assume it as a datum, which they suppose no one would question. Perhaps it is presumed from the general interest and acceptance of history in every age. Perhaps it is inferred from such logical reasoning as the following. If moral be founded in the nature of man, this moral must be best learned from the largest and most comprehensive view of man; and this view of man, it is presumed, can only be found in history. Every part of this reasoning is sound but one, viz. that history is this large and comprehensive view of man. While if history be but a very partial view of man, of one distinct class of man, and this the most vicious and depraved class, and therefore history be generally the record of the vices, and hardly at all of the virtues of man; and, in addition to this narrow and partial view, if moral be not the object of history, the inference will totally fail, and, so far as the information of history goes, we may be led to think infinitely worse of man, than man deserves. On this ground I principally take my stand, but without omitting such subsidiary arguments as I think pertinent to my subject.

In order to form a dispassionate judgment of the question, it may be necessary to discover, if we can, the foundation of that universal interest in history, which every age and nation bear testimony to. For, it being an acknowledged fact, that history has obtained this interest with man, it may be presumed, that this could not be, unless history were eminently useful as a moral instructor. Now I apprehend that this interest in history has no respect to moral at all, but derives itself altogether from that curiosity of the human mind, which impels to the pursuit of knowledge of every kind, and from the passion for the grand, without any regard to the useful or the moral. Both of these motives may be associated with the useful and the moral, and they may and do act as independent principles of human nature. They are two very

powerful stimulants of the mind, and do alone account for any striking phenomena of man. To know, and merely to know, is the business of man from the cradle to the grave; it is the province of other principles to apply the knowledge, when acquired, to whatever purpose. Now if history conducted to no other end whatever, than the gratification of this curiosity, man would be impelled to the conversation with history; for, curious to know every thing, he could not be incurious in a subject which so much regards the actings of his own species. The useful and the moral may be the fruit of this knowledge, and they may not, but curiosity would alone enforce the inquiry. To this powerful motive is added the passion for the grand, that most fascinating and irresistible impulse of the soul. Now as history exhibits man on what we may call a grand scale; for it is appropriately the history of the great, the powerful, the splendid, of man by the combination of many circumstances moving in the face of his fellows as with the energy and majesty of a god; I am persuaded that to this strong attraction we principally owe that unsated interest and gratification which history administers. We all feel the power of this principle, and know how little it is controlled by consideration either of the useful or the moral. The awful and the terrible attract, because they are grand; and the awful and the terrible are abundantly found in history.

Philosophers and abstract moralists will not allow the character of greatness to any quality of man, separate from probity and virtue. But history knows no such theory, and the common sense of mankind accords with the judgment of history. High sounding titles, splendid decorations, and a power that accumulates the force of millions, will, in despite of the philosophy of Horace, Juvenal, or even the New Testament, bow the free spirit of man, and command a general homage. Even the substance of power,

without the dress of power, would sink into familiarity and contempt. Take away the diadem, the sceptre, the retinue of guards, the ermine robe, or even the wig; and the king, the senator, the magistrate, and the judge would lose half their dignity, and be almost considered as common men.

But there is a real grandeur in the actions which history records, which demonstrates a superiority of talent, and which even the fastidium of a cloister must acknowledge. Cyrus, Alexander, Themistocles, Miltiades, Epaminondas, Hannibal, Alfred, Edward III, the black prince, and Henry V of England, Hunniades among the Poles, Scanderbeg of Epirus, Gustavus Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus, and Charles XII, of Sweden, Frederick the great of Prussia, even the barbarians Genghischan and Tamerlane, and, among statesmen, Pericles, Tully, Richlieu, and the great lord Chatham, all display this grandeur of talent, which, be the moral character what it will, enforce admiration, and constitute the charm, which interests the reader of their story. Nor will the manly spirit, with all its laudable indignation of his insults and his crimes, refuse this tribute to Bonaparte himself.

Here and in the active spirit of curiosity lies the whole secret of that interest, which all feel in history. We seek not for moral; history intends it not; and what moral may be extracted from it, lies too deep for the herd of readers; and the historian, actuated by the same motives and spirit as his reader, obtrudes not the latent moral upon him. It is to gratify the thirst of knowledge, the knowledge of what man has acted on the great theatre of this world of ours, and to gratify the passion for grand display, grandeur of style, and grandeur of talent, that the historian writes, and never fails to attract a host of readers; and the development of this theory will be found very materially to affect the discussion of the question in view.

But I deny not that history subserves to many important uses. These uses it becomes me to notice, and such is my own affection for history, that I wish I could add every praise which its most passionate admirer contends for. These uses chiefly apply to specific characters and stations, but little enter into the contemplation of the many, and can hardly at all be reaped by them. The soldier, the statesman, and the philosopher, constitute the three classes to whom history appropriately addresses her lessons, and to them she is of special importance, and must be a source not only of amusement, but of the most valuable instruction. In the detail of military affairs, of the various operations and manœuvres, which enter into the practice of war, of battles, sieges, marches, counter-marches, blockades, and encampments, the soldier may derive much valuable instruction, and a general insight into the best exercise of his profession. In the history of the negotiations, the treaties and intrigues of governments, the divisions of nations, their connections and dependencies, the political conduct of great and leading ministers, the statesman is to acquire that knowledge and experience, which are essentially necessary to him in the discharge of his public duties. While in contemplating the revolution of human affairs, the rise and decline of nations, with the causes that have contributed thereto, the advancement of some to civilization, science and arts, the relapse of others into barbarism, the progress of general knowledge, the influence of climate, government, and laws upon the character of man, the philosopher will be enabled to derive much of wise, useful, and moral information.

The field of this application is, indeed, exceedingly limited as to the number of its subjects; but it may be urged, that the high rank in life of those individuals, to whom history thus addresses her especial instruction, amply compensates for their paucity; and it may farther



be urged, that science, of whatever kind, addresses herself to all, that every human being has an interest in the speculations of the soldier, the statesman, and the philosopher, has a right to appreciate their talents and their services, and therefore to participate in all the sources of their peculiar acquirements. This no one can or ought to controvert; but in order that history shall minister to this high cultivation of the mind, it is necessary that it be the subject of our serious study and reflection. It is not a slight and superficial perusal, it is not the mere knowledge that such a general existed, that he gained such a battle, won such a town, conquered such a province, that will suffice; but we must explore the co-operating causes of his success, whether he owed it to his own judicious skill and improvement of the favourable circumstances which occurred, or it was merely a kind of good fortune; we must trace his progress on the map, and acquaint ourselves as much as possible with the local circumstances of the countries which are the theatre of his warfare; we must inquire into the motives, and criticise the wisdom of his various movements, know his discipline, his tactics, and contrast them with those of his enemy; but above all, to estimate his character, we should carefully observe, how he won the affections, possessed himself of the confidence, and breathed his own heroic soul into that of his army; or, negligent of, and incompetent to both, sunk his troops into feebleness and dastardy. In order to acquire from history a scientific knowledge of politics, we must study the general character, as well as the peculiar manners and customs of the nations and people whom it treats of, the nature of the government, and the physical strength of those countries with which the political actors of the times are connected; we must review again and again the varied conduct of eminent statesmen; the policy, the wisdom, the patriotism and the virtue of their

schemes; the means by which they carried them into execution; the prudence of their financial arrangements; in fine, the general system and tendency of their domestic and foreign policy; whether like a meteor it be temporary and fleeting, or like the economy of nature, permanent and comprehensive. In the moral philosophy of history, it is a more nice and delicate task, amidst a variety of apparent, delusive, and often contradictory causes, to elicit those which can alone conduce to the stability, independence, and true prosperity of nations, and upon which the advancement of mankind in knowledge, virtue, and happiness absolutely depends; to penetrate a thick and turbid mass, and discover the true theory of human nature; that seemingly latent, but indestructible principle of moral, which confounds the deep and well-planned schemes of designing selfish policy, which survives the wreck of contending empires, and the wide-spreading desolation of barbarian conquest, which from the very grave of ignorance, superstition, and vice regenerates man. In this way history may certainly be studied to great advantage, and where there is time adequate thereto, and where there are talents prepared and cultivated to this purpose, every human being may derive from history a generous gratification and much solid benefit.

There is another valuable purpose to which history subserves, in teaching to man the magnitude of his powers, and the inexhausted resources on which, in every emergency and difficulty, exertion, fortitude, and magnanimity have to depend. This is a lesson which man needs, and sufficient to confer on history all the dignity and praise which are ascribed to her. The most vicious as well as the most honourable characters recorded in history exhibit this lesson to man. The fortitude, the perseverance, the unsubdued spirit, with which both ancient and modern heroes keep on their course through the most for-

midable difficulties, summon to their aid those powers, which trial and necessity could alone have discovered to them, and by the vigorous and steady application of which they triumph over every resistance, and attain their desired object, unfold a view of man, which could only be learned from the grand and extended display of human talent which history exhibits. This I consider as by far the most valuable use to which history subserves; and certainly applicable as a lesson to a wider range of extent than the former uses which I have noticed.

But to the far greater part of mankind, who, from the destiny of their lot, are assigned to different purposes, who either cannot, or think that they cannot, penetrate the mysteries of the soldier or the statesman, or follow the philosophic moralist in his deep and abstract investigations, these concessions do by no means apply. Occupied in the common concerns of the world, they have neither the time, the inclination, nor the abilities which enable them to derive from history these important advantages, nor are they invited and encouraged to the attempt by their more favoured superiors. If they peruse history at all, it is merely as an idle and passing amusement, or to acquire a cursory knowledge of a few leading facts and dates, in order that they may not appear utterly ignorant of former times; a species of knowledge, which can neither much improve the understanding, better the heart, nor contribute to one valuable end. Perhaps I am not wrong if it be my farther opinion, that to uncultivated and unfeeling readers of this description, history may not only be an unprofitable, but in its consequences an injurious occupation. Some may deem it only a pleasing illusion of the imagination, but I hold it as a truth, that the virtue, which constitutes at once the ornament and felicity of man, has most of the graces in her train, and amongst these, that modesty, which declines a proud show to the world, is a

distinguished and inseparable attendant. It is therefore that we rarely meet with virtue in the splendid display of history, whether in the court or in the camp, in the senate or in the forum, or even in the academic grove, or, where she might at least be expected, at the tribunals of executive justice. And it is therefore that the vices of man are thought to preponderate over his virtues, because history is little other than a record of his follies, his crimes, and his misery. Whether we take a retrospective view of past ages, or consult the present history of the world, what have we generally presented to our view, but one disgusting series of the heaviest calamities and the most shocking vices, that can afflict or degrade humanity! We hardly turn over a page, which is not crimsoned with blood, or polluted with foul crimes. Barbarous violence, sanguinary wars, horrid devastations, merciless persecutions, murders, rapes, poisons, and assassinations, lordly tyrants trampling upon and insulting the rights of human nature, and abject slaves crouching beneath the yoke of a withering despotism, which from age to age has gone on debasing the human character, and blasting every rising effort of genius and virtue. Such are the scenes which history chiefly exhibits to our view. To the reader, therefore, who looks perhaps solely for amusement, and with no view to any specific instruction or advantage, such a picture of the debasement and misery of his fellow-creatures can afford no gratification. Where the heart is not strangely corrupted, its most natural impression must be that of pain and disgust. Who can peruse the bloody proscriptions of a Roman triumvirate, the devastating march of a Genghischan or a Tamerlane, the barbarities of a Mexican or Peruvian conquest, the systematic cold-blooded cruelties of a Spanish inquisition, without the most painful emotions of indignation and abhorrence? The frequent contemplation



of such scenes, in which human nature is so outraged, and yet few if any better specimens of human characters are exhibited, must have a strong tendency to corrupt the heart of the reader, to chill all the warm affections of his innocent youth, to induce a cold, illiberal, and misanthropic spirit, or, as if all resistance to the general current were impotent, to reconcile him to a partnership in the selfishness and depravity of man. For, as the reader becomes more and more conversant with the continued tale of human folly and wickedness, his estimation of his species must be lowered, and his humane and benevolent principles impaired. It requires indeed a strong mind, and standing upon strong principles, such as the world will not teach him, to resist this most malignant of all impressions. Now and then, indeed, it must be allowed that some characters arise, such as Alfred.—What! does history pause at the mention of this single name, and in her lengthened catalogue of kings and legislators, and boasted heroes, has she no fellow worthy to place beside thee? Then stand alone, thou glory of the British isle, and be thou alone that verdant spot in the wide waste of an Arabian desert, on which the wearied and disgusted eye can gaze with delight; and at the mention of thy name may the heart be warmed anew, and re-excited to every virtuous aspiring. But even thou, with all thy wonderful virtues, polished in the midst of barbarism, learned in the midst of ignorance, religious in the midst of superstition, and on a throne the father and the friend of thy people, art but as the bright meteor, which for a moment illuminates the dark face of night, and is soon obliterated and lost in the returning gloom.

When we farther observe, that the prospect of the vice and misery which has at all times existed, according to the report of history, has led even men of superior discernment and deep reflection into religious doubts and scepticism; assur-

edly, no little danger in this respect is to be apprehended to the light and superficial reader. For, if any thing can make him doubt of the superintending agency of a wise and good Providence, it is certainly the view of those dismal tragedies which are continually taking place on the theatre of the world; wherein the principal actors not only escape with apparent impunity, but reap the reward of their wickedness, wherein suffering innocence and virtue are trampled on and insulted, while triumphant villany loads it with an unpitied and savage rule.

It is true, that these conclusions against the moral government of the world, from the seeming triumphs of vice, and which terminate in so unfavourable a judgment both of God and man, admit of a very satisfactory and dignified reply. But the argument lies too deep, and is of a character too abstract and sublime for common minds; and history furnishes no antidote to the poison, no argument to him, who would wish to retain his good opinion both of God and man. The man who forms his judgment of human character and of human enjoyment from the representation of history, commits himself to a supposed instructor, who certainly does not, and who probably means not to give him any adequate information of either. His, indeed, is a very different object, with very little, if any, moral investigation whatever, to tell you what one part, and that infinitely the smallest part of the human race, have acted on the stage of life; a class of men, who generally in the very outset abandon all virtuous restraint, or in the prosecution of their views perceive a kind of necessity of quitting so confined a path; and if they have happiness in view, seek it where God and nature never meant it to be found. Who is competent to estimate the quantum of virtue or of quiet enjoyment of a hundred million of subjects of the Roman empire from the history of Tiberius, Caligula, or Nero? Are

their profusion, their libertinism, their cruelties, or those of their parasites and informers, or of the whole patrician and equestrian orders, or of the Roman armies, the standard of character through the extent of that vast empire? And how impotent even of mischief must their vices be, great as these vices were, when we contemplate the millions whom all their wantonness of rule could but lightly approach, whose very obscurity was their preservative at once from being corrupted by their example, and crushed by their oppression? Be pleased to recollect what I before observed, that virtue is naturally modest and retired, while vice is impudent and obtruding; it is of the character of the latter, therefore, to seize almost the whole field of prominent and ambitious action to itself; and to this field history almost wholly confines herself, while she either knows not, or deigns not to notice the quiet life of the unambitious many, with whom, however, both virtue and happiness are more likely to be found.

No mistake is more common, though none more injurious both to religion and morals, than the false idea of happiness which the proud display of wealth and power before our eyes, and the exhibition of hardly any thing else in history, occasion. Yet the only happiness which deserves the name, is within the reach of the many, as well as the few; it is derived from the temper of the soul, more than from the external condition of life, and finds a field of exercise suited to this temper, in the calm enjoyments of domestic, friendly, and social intercourse. But to this indubitable truth the historian pays no attention, and therefore affords no assistance to the common reader, whereby he may correct his false estimate of things, and separate the showy parade of triumphant crime from sincere enjoyment. It must indeed be admitted, that in some rare instances, a moralizing historian will let you into the secret which the pride of successful wick-

edness would hide from the world. If scrutinizing pictures of that internal wretchedness, which, like the vulture of Rome, thus gnaws at the heart of conscious crime, were oftener exhibited by historians, like to that of Tiberius in his retreat at Caprea, and of Charles the ninth of France, and of that monster Herod, called the great, in the decline of their health and life, history would be more useful, a retributive justice as the issue of conduct would appear to have more place in the world than the first face of things countenances, the moral principles of the reader would be less endangered, and few, methinks, would barter the peaceful innocence even of a cottage for the titled grandeur of many of the heroes of history, if therewith must be incurred the penalty of their misery.

It is also another consideration, and which no philosophical essayist ought ever to be ashamed of bringing forward, in any place, or before any audience, that if there be a truth in that theology, which considers this life as the trial of virtue, the next as its reward, the historian suggests no such instruction, nor is it by him that the reader will be guarded against conclusions which are alike reproachful to man and to the Maker of man; it is not from the historian that he will imbibe those more extended and sublimer views, which are consolatory to himself, and gloriously vindicate the ways of God to man.

There is this farther disadvantage to be apprehended from the perusal of history, that whereas we meet with certain characters in which good and bad qualities are so intimately blended, that it is difficult to discriminate between them; and though we are sensible that all is not sound, yet what is attractive so insinuates its colour into the whole, and the union of magnanimity and grandeur withal so captivates us, that we come insensibly to interest ourselves in their success; and as their history is more expanded, our admiration is



more and more excited ; we imbibe their views, sympathize with them in their difficulties and dangers, triumph with them in their success ; and become at length so dazzled with the splendor of their exploits, and the elevation to which they rise, that if we are not absolutely enamoured with their very vices, yet they are in a great measure lost to our view.

“ They have no faults, or we no faults can spy.”

We acquire a false notion of heroism unconnected with virtue ; and the detestation of crime, perhaps even of the most horrid magnitude, is so lessened by the lustre of successful greatness, as to plead for its excuse, and dispose us to consider it as the necessary and unavoidable consequence of the circumstances in which they are engaged. And it is truly wonderful to observe, how historians of every age have contributed to this delusion by the unjust applauses which they have bestowed upon certain characters and actions. The heroes of their pens have in general been the great destroyers of mankind ; those who have ravaged kingdoms, overthrown empires, and thinned the human race. Men have been deified and sainted, not for the goodness, but for the greatness, of their exploits ; not for their endeavours to civilize and improve the state of mankind by the introduction of mild and equitable laws, and the cultivation of the arts of peace ; but for an inordinate and selfish spirit of ambition and aggrandizement. The reign of just and peaceful sovereigns, which, like the tranquil seasons of nature, impart health and life and cheerfulness to every thing around, has been regarded as but an inferior and secondary object of their attention, valued perhaps most as it renovates the energies of a nation, and fits it for the ambitious views of a military successor. No ! it is the mighty troublers of the earth, the hurricanes of proud war and con-

quest which deform the fair face of nature, which in their wasteful progress sweep whole nations to the grave, that has been too much the theme of historic applause and admiration. When we behold the title of great conferred on such men as Alexander, Cæsar, Louis XIV, or even Peter of Muscovy, every moral and humane mind must reprobate the profanation of the attribute, and lament the folly of the world, which can join in the applause of what it ought severely to condemn, and dignify what merits its abhorrence and execration. But the common vulgar of mankind too easily adopt the very prejudices which are their ruin, and, caught with the whistling of a name, fall down before and worship the very beast that is to devour them. Thus, by the false colours in which such characters are exhibited, the moral judgment and the moral taste of many a reader is most deplorably perverted. If romances and novels have erred in raising the notion of human virtue above its level, history has more dangerously erred in the low appreciation of the human character, and associating it with every vice.

From the heroes of antiquity have sprung the race of the wasteful conquerors of nations, the disturbers of the peace of man. Achilles begat Alexander and his turbulent successors ; Alexander begat Julius Cæsar, with the long and horrid series of Roman emperors ; and the bewitchery of Cæsar's character will never cease to propagate the lust of overbearing dominion, without one end in view, but the mere fame of extended empire and despotic sway. To this we have owed the embryo attempt of Charles V of Austria, and of Louis XIV of France ; and at this moment owe, more perhaps than to any other cause, the present troubler of the world. An ample career of solid glory lay before him ; but the ghost of Cæsar and the dream of more than Roman empire appear to haunt his sleeping and his waking hours ; they have turned

him from all honourable course, nor will suffer him to pause, until, to serve some wise ends of an avenging Providence, he be permitted for a while to spread desolation around; or fall at once, himself and his deluded country, a mighty ruin, a just but an inadequate atonement to an offended and harrassed world.

Such is the aggregate of immoral impression, to which history, as it has hitherto been conducted, does conduce. I am aware of the high repute which history has obtained in every age and nation, and that I have a general and even a liberal prejudice to resist. History has been considered as among the sublime productions of human genius. As a work of genius I have not arraigned her; I can even, with Cicero, allow her to be a *magistra morum*, of manners certainly, and of moral in some degree; and I have so allowed her, but only to a select few; while to the many I contend that she is a dangerous and immoral instructor; in which, perhaps, Cicero would in part have agreed with me, if he had taken the many into his contemplation. But we should in many respects have differed; our morals, our politics, our religion, would not altogether have harmonized, and Cicero would have highly hated many of those evil tendencies of history to which I have assigned the highest importance. History has powerful attractions, and I feel them equally with her warmest friend; nor have I lightly and inconsiderately charged her; nor as an advocate, who having adopted a cause, no matter what or why, thinks that he must conjure up every thing that is plausible in favour of his cause, and urge every thing that is possible to the prejudice of the cause which he opposes. What I have written, I have honestly written. Difference of opinion is to be expected. But as truth, not disputation, is the first object, let him who differs, review the charges *seriatim*. The charges are orderly arranged, they are not mingled in one confused mass, and may

in order be confuted. An indiscriminate reply, which repels in the gross, and attends to nothing minutely, can lead to no definite and accurate conclusion.

In deference therefore to that respect which history claims, it is admitted that history may be perused with great advantage by those who bring to the perusal a proper and well-directed spirit of inquiry, and that the loss of history would be an irreparable loss. But it is contended, that to reap these advantages, those requisites are necessary which the many do not and cannot possess, and without which they cannot be guarded against the ill impression and ill tendencies, which, in regard to them at least, I have charged to the account of history. While in the page of history we contemplate the degraded state to which vice, ignorance, and the dominion of false and illiberal prejudices have so greatly subjected man, it does indeed require a strong and well prepared mind to look on this degraded picture of humanity, without having our own principles of integrity and benevolence weakened and perhaps subverted; or our confidence in the superintendence of an over-ruling Providence endangered. All the events of history which are opprobrious to humanity will, by the judicious reader, be referred to their proper cause, to the corruption, not to the depravity of human nature; that easy refuge of men, who are themselves corrupted; nor in the sentence of one, or a thousand villains, will he involve the whole human race; and thus, by a rash and unjust inference, rob man at once of his God, and of all generous confidence in the work of God. In fine, the fascinations of splendid crime should not screen the criminal, but the natural abhorrence of wickedness, rising in proportion to the enormity of its examples, should strengthen the virtuous inclination of the reader's heart. To read history with truth and with advantage, the nicest discrimination of causes is often re-



quisite. Folly and error are frequently as prominent in the page as deliberate bad intention, but by the historian and his reader the deceived are rudely confounded with the deceiver, the seduced with the seducer; while many of the most overwhelming calamities which have fallen on mankind may, with great truth, be referred to an honest, though mistaken, principle of virtue. This might be illustrated by many memorable examples, but to adduce these would lead me into too wide a field, and exceed the limits which I apprehend are prescribed to me. I may be allowed however to observe, that, inattentive to this just discrimination, history and its readers often pass the most erroneous judgments, condemn where they should pity, enflame where they should instruct, excite national antipathies, where national sympathies would be the wiser and more salutary application, and authorize the most pernicious of all conclusions, the moral depravity of man, where in the intention of the actors the moral character of man is most prominent.

Vice and atheism are certainly unnatural to man. Vice, in man as a part of the general system, is a state of great disorder, offensive as a spectacle, and, so far as it extends, operates to the destruction of this part of the system; while in every other part of the general system the most regular uninterrupted order and harmony are observed. It is contrary, therefore, both to the general order of nature, and to the order of man, which is confessed by the odium which the common sense of mankind annexes to it, and by the aversion with which man contemplates its ruinous effects. Atheism is yet more unnatural, for every character of nature is to man the proclamation of a God, of a wise and designing author. But independent of the scenery of nature, in the contemplation only of man himself, to deny a God is to deny himself. For, man is certainly an effect, the commencement of his

being is a demonstration of it; but an effect in the very term acknowledges a cause, and an adequate cause, and the denial of the cause of his being is not less absurd, than the denial of his own being itself. We should pronounce the man an idiot or mad, who doubted his own existence, but, to be uniform and consistent, this the atheist ought to do. The attribute of idiotism or madness would not be increased thereby.

These observations are not impertinent or irrelevant; they arise out of the view which we have taken, and prelude what is the summary of the charges which I have brought against history, that it is one principal cause of the increase both of vice and atheism in the world. It does not repel the charge, that history is abhorrent to such intention; this I am as firmly persuaded of as the greatest admirer of history can be; but the more I consider the subject, I am also the more persuaded that the charge is just. If vice in a high degree, and atheism altogether, be unnatural to man, there must be some singular cause of the propagation of both.— I will ask a few plain questions.

Is the exhibition of human character in history a fair representation of human nature? Is it the representation of man at all, considered in the abstract? Is it not the portrait of a single class of men, who, from very obvious causes, are the most vicious and depraved of men? Considered as the picture of man, is it not a horrid and disgusting one? And yet, as history appears to treat of man in every age and nation, is it not by many considered to be the picture of human nature? Can this fail to have the most malignant effect, to break down the human mind, and reconcile it to vice, as being in the order and course of human nature? Irritated by these passions, which introduce vice at all, man is corrupted beyond redemption by what he conceives to be general example; for, it is in the manner of general ill example that

history acts upon the mind of the reader. Those who, from their introduction on the stage, presume that they are destined to be the privileged managers of the human drama, read the story of their predecessors; the part which they have acted they receive as the part which themselves are to act; the tempting allurements of wealth and power and grandeur spread their charms before them; the delicate question of right and wrong hardly occurs to them, or with not sufficient power to turn them from their course; theirs it is to command, of the multitude to obey; and hence the constant repetition of the same crimes, a kind of hereditary succession of injustice, violence, fraud, broken faith, cruelty, and all the ill-featured progeny of wide-wasting ambition. History is more a change of names, than of action and character; and what in her record is favourable to the general welfare of man, is rarely to be ascribed to the efforts, or even to the concurrence of the great actors, but to the operation of seemingly fortuitous circumstances, to the general impulse of the neglected many, to the reaction against crime itself, when pushed to an extreme beyond human bearance, and, what is the most true, though the least acknowledged, to the counteraction of a Being behind the curtain, who diverts the counsels of a wicked policy to an end, which is the most remote from the thoughts and the most remote from the wish of the proud actors. The revival of letters and arts, the deliverance of man from the most abject and oppressive slavery, that of papal Rome, was not owing to the great men of the day, but to obscure individuals, whom, but for the magnitude of the events, history would not have noticed. But these splendid reverses succeeded to a dark and dismal gloom of more than twelve hundred years, and, in spite of all their benign influence, the same fell ambition, which sweeps before it, in one general ruin, letters and arts and humanity, still goes on; and the fate

of Europe, I may say, of the world, depends at this moment, on the resistance of one gallant, enlightened, and comparatively virtuous nation; in one awful struggle it is soon to be decided, whether man shall not be driven back by the wild spirit of conquest to the same debased and horrid state from which he was happily redeemed.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

A TRAVELLER'S LETTERS.

*Continued from page 192.*

HAVING now bade adieu to New York, of the beauty, convenience, and advantageous situation of which, so much has been said, and which has so frequently been compared to Philadelphia, with disadvantage to the latter, I shall endeavour to point out, without attempting to decide between the disputants, in what particulars, so far as I had an opportunity of judging, it may justly claim the advantage, and in which it is not equal to its rival.

Its situation as a commercial city is the principal one. This is too well known to need elucidation. Here it has a manifest advantage, and a very important one: this, in the opinion of the *mere merchant*, will establish its claim to superiority. The manufacturer will likewise probably think *that* the *best* city, where he can find the best market for the articles he manufactures. Whether this is not counterbalanced by the dearness of houses, &c., &c., is a question which deserves the attention of those who are interested in its decision. It is not the number of dollars he may receive in a given time, which will make a reasonable man deem himself wealthy; but the intrinsic value of the *dollars themselves*, as it happens to be affected by the prices of the necessities of life.

The neighbourhood of New York abounds with many beautiful pros-



pects, far superior (as they are of a different kind) to those in or near Philadelphia. Those of the latter are confined, though, as far as they extend, are very beautiful and romantic; some may be pointed out, which I have not seen exceeded by any in or near New York. The prospects from several parts of the banks of the Delaware are very fine, comprehending a part of the city, with its wharves and shipping, the opposite shore of Jersey, with the town of Camden, &c. Perhaps few can be found on so small a scale which are more interesting than those which may be seen from any part of High Street, west of Centre Square. On the right is seen the Schuylkill (above the Upper Ferry), apparently rushing from the bosom of a forest, thence flowing with dignity and gentleness between swelling and verdant hills, crowned with woods, and adorned with handsome buildings, the whole forming a scene well worth the attention of a landscape painter, who could not readily, in my humble opinion, find a more interesting subject. However, if extent and variety are considered, New York has decidedly the advantage.

The markets for provisions—on this subject it is useless to dwell: those who have seen both will scarcely venture to compare those of New York with the prodigious ones of Philadelphia, considered in every point of view, except the plenty and prices of fish, in which particular I have already mentioned the superiority of the market of New York.

The people of New York may better amuse themselves on the water than the Philadelphians; their insular situation, the extent and beauty of the neighbouring shores and islands, and the vicinity of the sea, gives them an evident superiority. For their excursions on land I cannot say so much; they want extent, variety, and interest; and, if I am not much deceived, are very inferior, in the pleasures

they are calculated to afford, to those of Philadelphia, of which the small number of pleasure carriages I have seen in New York affords a strong presumptive proof. The city itself is not so handsome, if want of regularity constitutes want of beauty, if narrow streets\* are inconvenient and displeasing, if a great want of trees lessens the pleasure of the spectator: in these particulars I think New York is very much inferior to its rival. Of the inhabitants I know so little, that I will be silent. Of the general salubrity of the air, those who are desirous of information may consult the bills of mortality; in this particular, I believe, Philadelphia claims the superiority.

Of the city of Jersey, I know very little more than that it is situated on the banks of the North River, opposite New York; that it is young, and small, and that a bank is established here. When I arrived, it rained so hard, that I was more anxious to shelter myself than to survey the town. Our road from it led us through what are called the cedar swamps, though I saw scarcely a cedar tree or any thing else on it but shrubs and grass. From the artificial road on which we travelled, I saw very little to amuse or instruct such a traveller as myself. I was, however, taught properly to appreciate the value of a seat in a dry stage coach during a heavy rain. On either side of the road lay low, marshy grounds, producing little besides sedge; at some miles distance some high hills whose summits smoked with warmth and moisture. We crossed the Hackensack and Passaic rivers on flat wooden bridges, which in both places rest on large piles, supported by other timbers annexed to them in a sloping direction. The stage coach was filled with a motley group, chiefly bound to Patterson: among the number was a gentleman of

\* It must not be supposed that all the streets are narrow, but that they are generally so.

New York, and a country school-master, both intelligent and conversible, which made the journey far more agreeable to me than it would have otherwise been. We dined at Newark (eight or nine miles from New York), that is, the trio; the remaining part of the company fortified their stomachs with gin. The liquor however proved rebellious, and what was intended to comfort the stomach, traitorously disabled the head, and made them "half seas over," for the remainder of the ride to Patterson. Many coarse jests and threadbare stories were repeated, and, as Goldsmith observes in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, "if we had not much wit, we had plenty of laughter." Night at length found us at our journey's end, weary of an uncomfortable ride of twenty-five miles through a heavy rain, which prevented us from seeing the beauties of the country, and saved you the trouble of reading a longer letter.

Adieu.

*Patterson, August, 1806.*

This morning I visited the celebrated falls of Passaic, which are about half a mile from my lodgings. I feel myself much at a loss how to describe them, and I find them very different from what I know you expected. The road to them leads over a tract of country, where nature appears to exhibit the ruins of some violent convulsion: on the right hand is the Passaic, rolling over a rocky bed, and dividing its waters by rushing against a small island; on the left is a lofty perpendicular of broken and disjointed rocks, of various colours, which in many places hangs over the road, and seems to threaten the traveller with destruction\*. This extends for

\* In the spring, after the frosts have loosened the rocks, it is said to be extremely dangerous to pass along this road. I saw one large fragment which fell last spring, which would weigh several tons.

about one-third of a mile; you then arrive at what is called the basin, where the waters of the river are received, previous to their resuming their regular course, after falling towards the bay. Here you have before you a lofty, perpendicular wall of black and solid rocks\*, which you ascend partly by means of a long ladder, placed there for that purpose, and partly by rude steps cut out of the rock itself. After advancing a short distance, you enter a wood, emerging from which you obtain a side view of the awful gulf below, a part of the descending torrent, and a full view of the river before it reaches the fall.

The Passaic in this place appears to be at least one hundred yards wide†, flowing through a hilly country, exhibiting an appearance extremely wild and uncultivated. The hills are in most places covered with woods and verdure of different kinds, affording a relief to the eye extremely pleasing. Some hundred yards from this point of view, up the river, the water falls over a ledge of rocks, three or four feet high; it thence rushes on over broken rocks scattered in its bed, till it reaches the edge of the great cliff, over which it pours down, with a deafening roar, into the gulf below, foaming with its own fury, and casting a shower of spray on the astonished spectator.

After crossing a rapid branch of the river a few yards wide, which rushes swiftly down a kind of natural rocky stair-case to join the main body, on the fallen trunk of a large tree, the spectator approaches the edge of

\* I might say perhaps, with more propriety, one immense rock, for the mass is not composed of detached, or even broken fragments, but is almost of one piece.

† The breadth of the river has been differently represented; in dry seasons it is doubtless much less. Several days previous to my arrival had been very wet, and plainly accounted for the stream being somewhat larger than usual.



the cliff, and views with wonder the black, rugged, and perpendicular wall, which forms the opposite side of the singular chasm, that receives the waters of the river: here, if he dare approach the extreme edge, he may see them boiling among the broken rocks below, and hurrying to the basin; while on the left is seen the principal part of the stream falling over the cliff, with extreme rapidity, and incessant roar.

Let us now return by the way we came to major Godwin's, and, crossing the bridge to the other side of the river, proceed over a lofty hill, covered with wood, to obtain a sight of the fall from an opposite point of view. Here you find yourself on a solid bed of rock, hard as iron, whose surface is broken into various shapes, black, and apparently blasted with fire, and cursed with eternal sterility\*. Here you may advance to the very edge of the precipice, and have a complete front view of the river, and the cliff over which its foaming waters tumble headlong down a descent of fifty feet at least†, with a noise which,

\* The rocks are nowhere positively black: the surface of them is of a dark iron colour, particularly such parts of them as are exposed to the action of the water, and the flatter parts which receive the spray after it falls; the internal part, when broken, is a kind of dark blue. Whether the water effects a partial decomposition of the rock itself, or carries ferruginous particles with it, which produces the difference, I know not; but in some places it appears as if blasted with fire, though there is little reason to suppose this has been the case.

† I say fifty feet; Scott, in his *United States Gazetteer*, says seventy. A gentleman of this place, however, assured me, that on measuring the height, he found it but forty-two and a half feet; but, as I do not recollect that he measured from the top of the cliff to the level of the basin, probably only to the level where the water first lodges, I have stated it at fifty feet, which seems to be the common opinion here.

when thus near, seems louder than thunder\*, or the raging of a terrible tempest, filling the bosom of the spectator with a sensation of mingled awe, wonder, and delight. Here you feel the solid pile of rocks trembling beneath your feet with the mighty concussion, and see the whole stream falling over the cliff, and breaking against the projecting fragments which impede its course; while against the cliff, and in the midst of the foaming torrent, you see the rainbow glowing with inexpressible splendor, the bright colours of which are finely contrasted with the dark hue of the iron wall, against which it leans its glorious arch. Sometimes, when the sun has reached the highest point in the heavens, the resplendent circle is described around you as a centre; at others, when the sun is horizontal, the rainbow appears in the air, at a short distance before you. This I had not an opportunity of seeing, as I visited the falls at too late an hour.

Immediately around, you see nothing but the rugged surface of the rocky wall on which you stand, broken so as to form angles in various directions. They are not loose; I attempted to pick up a fragment, but found it firmly united to the main body. You see in many places deep clefts formed by some convulsion of nature, extending to a great depth, and from one to two or three feet in width, perpendicular as a wall, and exhibiting evident proofs of having been united at some distant period; they generally begin on the side of the river opposite to Patterson, and widen as they approach the river; and in some of them nature has planted a few trees, as if desirous of hiding her rugged deformity beneath a mantle of smiling verdure.

\* The noise is very different from that of thunder; it is hollow, deep, and incessant: and though the impression made on me, when I heard it, was far different from what thunder generally makes, it was equally awful.

While I stood on this side of the falls, the marquis de Cassa Yrujo and family stood on the other, not twenty paces from me. An attendant approached the extreme and slippery edge of the cliff, and fearing he would fall, and meet inevitable destruction, I called to him with a loud voice to take care, but it was lost in the roar of the torrent: he however met with no accident.

These falls differ entirely from any conception I had formed of them. The impression made upon my mind by the term "falls," is that the waters descend a steep declivity, for a considerable distance, of ledges of rocks of a greater or less height; or, that a high ledge suddenly interrupts its even course to the lower country, to which it makes its way by a sudden pitch: in either case, the falls or rapid might be seen while sailing up the river: but here they are enclosed on all sides from the view of the traveller, and he might, (had he no previous knowledge) pass within half a mile of them, without being sensible of their existence\*. The river pursues a direct course, which if continued would bring it directly against a high hill, that

\* This must not be considered a contradiction to what I have said before, concerning the roar of the falling waters. On that side of the river opposite to Patterson, the falls are concealed by high land, and when the wind blows against it, the sound is in a great measure lost among the trees. It should be remembered, that on this side the cavern into which the water falls is so narrow, that I stepped across it with ease. On the opposite side it is the reverse, and almost directly opposite the mouth of it, the country is more open, so that when the wind blows in a favourable direction, the roar of the falls is heard, at the distance of eight or nine miles, at Acquackinac. When I approached them on the side opposite to Patterson, I heard but little noise, even within a few hundred yards; but, as I have already mentioned, when heard within a few yards, the noise is tremendous.

separates the part above the falls from that below; as it approaches and has almost reached it, it finds a deep and yawning cleft ready to receive it; into this it precipitates itself, and, after gaining the basin, turns around the foot of the hill and pursues its course.

The surface of the rocky wall on which you stand, when in front of the fall, is on a level with the bed of the river on the opposite side, and the cleft which receives the water is so narrow at its commencement on this side, that I stepped across it with ease; it widens with tolerable regularity, in a direction which crosses the course of the river\*. In some places the water in its descent rushes against the foot of the wall on which you stand, and the spray that rises from the bottom ascends with the rapidity of an arrow into the air, till having lost its impetuosity, it falls on the spectator, in the form of a fine drizzling rain.

A complete front view of the falls, from top to bottom, cannot be obtained; the best may be had of them, it is said, by crossing the basin (which is covered with foam) in a small boat, to the foot of the wall, which forms the lower side of the chasm in relation to the course of the stream: but I had not the means of attempting it.

The general view may be thus delineated. On almost every side you see lofty perpendicular walls of hard black stone, dismal, naked, and barren as a marble pavement; presenting a rude and terrific appearance. These lofty walls are every where disjointed from top to bottom, forming clefts, whose rugged sides correspond with each other, and whose blasted surfaces seem still to bear the everlasting marks of almighty power! Here and there, in the extremity of the clefts (as I have before observed),

\* It does not cross the river in a direct line, but has many considerable deviations from one, which, by varying its appearance, makes it more picturesque.



the winds and rains have collected sufficient earth to support a tree; in some places a coat of moss conceals the iron bosom of the rock. Part of the adjacent heights are covered with lofty trees, and creeping bushes; some spots are covered with a rich black mould, and others with loose sand, through which the prickly pear forces its spinous and singular form, while in general the bare cliff exposes its barren breast to the fury of the storm, which beats in vain against its flinty front. From these elevated spots, an extensive view presents itself: the first objects which strike the attention are those just described; the high hills on the Patterson side of the river\* (or rather its remains, for it looks as if a great part of it had disappeared); the deep gulf through which it flows, and whose adamantine sides are incessantly beaten by the ever rushing torrent. The correspondence all these parts appear to have once possessed, made me speculate in geology; Fancy carried me back to that time when all these objects were united, and formed, perhaps, a mountain, whose foot extended far beyond the present boundary of the hills, and was washed by the waters of the river, which then flowed in a different direction, when, by the great accumulation of waters impeded in their natural channel, or by their continued attrition, the softer parts of the foundation have been worn away, and, losing their support, the incumbent rocks have fallen, and thereby formed a new channel for the river; or, what is equally probable, some sudden convulsion has burst

\* This hill seems to be but a heap of ruins: its broken perpendicular side faces the river, the top of it is covered in some places with a soil of no great depth, and the greater part of it which I walked over was covered with loose stone of different sizes, which were broken as if by the labour of men. They gave way so frequently under my feet, that I was compelled to support myself with a stick, and proceed down the declivity with extreme caution.

the rocky mass, when, through the rugged clefts, the waters have forced themselves a passage, and deserted their ancient channel. Reflection and reason give the appearance of reality to these excursions of fancy; or, do they not first inspire them? Pardon me for thus venturing to wander in the mazes of hypothesis; who, in my situation, could resist the temptation? At every step I tread on the majestic and awful ruins of disjointed nature; ever, surrounding object gives strength to the opinion, that this place is not now what it was when it came from the hands of its Creator. The idea is sublime and terrible! perhaps the very spot on which I have formed these undigested notions, has been the centre of a destructive earthquake, where, shaken to its base, the heaving mountain has scattered the broken fragments of its former grandeur.

Reason, I have said, inspires the opinions I have mentioned. The people in the neighbourhood say they can distinguish what appears to have been once the bed of the river; they trace its former channel, washed into inequalities, which justify their opinion, till it unites with its present one. Whether any of those conjectures approach the truth or not, will probably never be determined; yet few persons at all disposed to reflection, will not form some similar opinion, when they behold the subject which generates mine.

Farther removed from the point of view, you trace the course of the river, gently flowing through a tolerably level country in its immediate vicinity; on one side, at some miles distance, some high green hills form the back ground of the picture. On the Patterson side, you see the country spread out at your feet like a map, whose outline is apparently a forest, beyond which a mist which *is said* to rise from the North River, or Newark Bay; in the intermediate space you see a large tract of country, with its woods and fields, its farms and roads, abounding with considerable

variety of undulation, but not apparently with marks of abundant cultivation.

I had formed an opinion of Passaic falls so different from what I actually found them, that at first I felt (as others have done before) disappointed; the circumstance of the water's plunging into a gulf concealed from the traveller's eye, instead of falling from a height to a common level, considerably lessens the sublimity of their appearance. The descent of the water is exactly the same, yet we seem to be so constituted, that we do not feel the impression of sublimity by beholding an object, which, though sublime in itself, is placed in a particular manner: here the spectator *looks down* on the falls; doubtless were he to view them from the bottom, and see the whole river descending, his emotions would be very different. Does this arise from pride? or whence the cause? However, when we behold the surrounding objects, we find them rising into importance, and are not long without feeling the emotion alluded to, with an intensity commensurate with the objects by which it is excited.

*To be continued.*

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### ON THE COUNTRY OF BEAUTY.

IN almost every part of the world nature is very far from bringing the human form to absolute perfection; here she does not finish the whole of the countenance; there she merely sketches the shape and proportions of the body; and almost every-where she fails in the extremities, as has been well observed by Winckelmann. Thus in all languages the epithet *rare* is applied to beauty; and even the Italians style it *felegrina* (foreign), as if to indicate that it is not frequently seen in their country. Hence, no doubt, the expressions common in their language, *Bellezze*

*pellegrine*;—*leggiadria singolare e pellegrina*.

Beauty, however, appears to favour more particularly certain countries, in which the examples of it are more numerous; while in others the human form appears to be in a state of degradation comparatively to that presented by the inhabitants of more fortunate climes. In fact, the difference of air and soil appears to have a great influence on beauty: and if man, by the strength and inflexibility of his organization, is not attached to certain points of the globe; if his race is diffused in all countries and all climates; if he inhabits the frozen regions of the north, and disputes with the most savage and venomous animals the burning wilds of the equator; yet all parts of the vast domain in which he is capable of supporting vitality are not equally favourable to him. A climate as far removed from the rigid polar cold as from the sultry heats of the equator, constitutes the first and most essential condition of the physical and moral development of the human species.

Beauty requires especially a temperate climate. It is a delicate flower, which unfolds not if the cold be extreme, and which immediately withers when exposed to excessive heat. Frequently, also, in the same zone, and under the same degree of latitude, the situation of the place, its elevation, its environs, the nature of the soil; in fine, all the accidents of locality which constitute the climate proper to each place, occasion great differences in the configuration of man. Thus, in the same district, we constantly find that the inhabitants of the higher grounds, as the sides or tops of hills, are agile and well-made, and that the women are generally handsome; while in the flat country, where the earth is heavy, the air thick, and the water less pure, the peasants are ill-formed, dull, and awkward, and the females homely and ill-favoured.

A similar effect is also produced in a greater degree by the constant return of certain unwholesome



winds, which wither, as it were, the men, animals, and plants, of those ill-fated countries on which they exert their baneful influence, and give to the inhabitants a yellowish and livid complexion and a melancholy or mischievous disposition, at the same time that their forms are rendered irregular and ignoble. We will not therefore seek the country of beauty in places which are abandoned by light and heat, nor in those which suffer and are laid waste by their excess. We shall find it, if we somewhat enlarge the limits assigned to it by Buffon, between the fortieth and sixty-fifth degree of north latitude. It is within this zone that nature appears more beautiful, more majestic, with respect to whatever relates to the human conformation. In this climate, indeed, we must seek the model to which we must refer all the other varieties of beauty.

The human form, however, does not attain to the same degree of perfection throughout the whole of this vast extent, but there are some privileged regions to which the name of the *country of beauty* is in a peculiar manner applicable. These are, more especially, Circassia, Georgia, Mingrelia, and all the environs of Mount Caucasus.

The beauty of the Georgian women is generally known. The females of this country unite to the most regular features the clearest complexion and the most symmetrical forms. Nature has liberally bestowed on them graces and charms of which she has been much more sparing in the other parts of the globe. According to Chardin, these women are full-sized, well-made, and extremely slender-waisted. The women of Circassia are not less beautiful. Their forehead is high and open; a streak of the most beautiful black pleasingly defines their eye-brows; their eyes are large and full of fire, though tempered with an inexpressible mildness; the nose is well-formed; the mouth small and smiling, with vermillion lips; and the chin such as it

ought to be to terminate the oval of the most perfect countenance.

The most beautiful complexion gives to all these charms their full effect. It is usually so delicate and exquisitely blooming, that the merchants who sell the female Circassian slaves in the market of Caffa, in the Crimea, have recourse to various proofs to show that the beauty of their complexions is entirely natural, and not the effect of art.

The practice of inoculation, which has long been in use in Circassia and Georgia, contributes no doubt to the preservation of beauty in that country, by preventing the ravages of the natural small-pox, which have occasioned so much deformity in many other countries.

Many of the women of Mingrelia are likewise remarkable for their beauty; and many dispute the palm, in that respect, with the Georgians and Circassians.

"Mingrelia," says Chardin, "produces women admirably well-made, of a majestic air, and with excellently proportioned features and shape: they have besides an engaging and alluring eye, which prepossesses in their favour all who look on them."

Below, in his observations published in 1555, he appears to speak of the women of that part of Asia which borders on Mount Caucasus, when he expresses himself as follows:

"There is no labouring woman or peasant in Asia who has not a complexion fresh as a rose; a delicate and white skin, so smooth and polished that it appears to the touch like velvet. They make use of a certain kind of earth of Chio, which they steep, and make of it a kind of unguent, with which they rub in the bath not only the face and hair, but the whole body."

There are many very beautiful women in Persia, and the Persian blood has become more pure and refined by its intermixture with the Georgian. Similar alliances have, in a great degree, effaced the Tartar character among the Turks.

Europe, considered with a reference to the beauty of its inhabitants, presents us with two grand divisions: first, the south-eastern part, and, secondly, the north-western. In these two parts, the extent of which is very unequal, the human form is distinguished by important differences. In the northern and western parts it displays a greater developement: it frequently approaches to the athletic; but its whole has less of nobility. The outline of the countenance is more distant from the beautiful ideal: even the female forms have too much of fulness and relief; they have nothing in them of the finished, of the elegance of the antique. The extremities are almost always defective; and a beautiful foot, a complete leg, or a perfect hand, are partial beauties, which it is extremely rare to meet with in the northern and western parts of Europe.

Favoured by a more mild climate, the south-eastern part is more auspicious to the developement of beauty; and the more Nature approaches to the climate of Greece and Italy, which are comprehended within this division, the more she appears beautiful, majestic, and active in the conformation of man.

With respect to their physical and moral qualities, the Greeks have much degenerated. Their subjection to servitude, the mixture of their blood with that of a foreign race, their education, in fine, the state of slavery and oppression to which they have been reduced by their barbarous conquerors, have changed their national form, and degraded their beauty.

Yet, notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, the Greeks still assert their ancient claims; and the women of that nation hold a distinguished rank in the seraglios, where they are often preferred to the beauties of Circassia and Georgia.

The most beautiful race of the Greeks were the natives of Ionia; and the orator Dion. Chrysostom makes use of the expression, "the

Ionian figure," to signify a beautiful human figure. The same country is still celebrated for the beauty of its inhabitants; and Belon tells us, that when he traversed it, he could never sufficiently admire the elegant forms of the women, the whiteness of the skin, and the delicacy, animation, and freshness of their complexions.

In the other parts of Asia Minor, or, as it is at present called, Natolia, and especially in the more elevated countries, and in the islands of that region, the women in general are extremely beautiful. Those of the island of Chio are particularly remarkable for their gracefulness, the liveliness of their complexion, and the symmetry of their forms. The traveller, while he admires them, is led by a pleasing recollection to those early ages, when some individual beauties of this island furnished to the great painters and statuaries of those times their most perfect models.

In Greece, properly so called, which the Turks have so barbarously disfigured, the human form has still preserved a certain degree of perfection; and nothing is more rare among the inhabitants than those broad flat noses which are so common, at least much more common, in the north and west. Vesalius thought that he had observed that the oval of the Grecian heads was much more regular than that of the heads of the Germans and Flemings.

In southern Italy, which anciently bore the name of Magna Græcia, or Great Greece, the human form was long distinguished by a perfection not less decided than in Greece Proper. The same beauty still exists in the present times, in some parts of that country.

Riedesel, in his Travels in Sicily and Magna Græcia, relates, that at Trapani the women are remarkable for their beauty; and thinks that the worship rendered to Venus on Mount Eryx may very probably have derived its origin from the beauty of the women. The alliances with the Moors, and other causes of de-



gradation, have somewhat debased the forms of the inhabitants of Magna Græcia; but in Sicily, the women, though less beautiful in some respects than those of Rome, produce a greater effect by their charms, which they heighten by the most seducing and expressive graces. These observations are principally applicable to the Sicilian women of Palermo. These, according to a modern traveller, are of a middle size: the young girls have black or brown hair, black and animated eyes, a slender shape, a neck admirably formed, and are so perfect in their proportions, that we no longer wonder that the beauties of Palermo served for models to the Grecian sculptors. The dress of the women of Palermo is suitable to the climate. Their head has no covering, not even of net-work. They bind their tresses with a riband, or a piece of gauze, and sometimes place a rose in their hair. Whalebone stays are unknown to them: a light corset, which preserves the gracefulness of their shape, an amber or coral neck-lace, a black veil in the Spanish style, and a robe of the French fashion, compose their dress. They have the art of displaying their figure to the best advantage, to which their drapery, in whatever manner it may accidentally be disposed, constantly contributes. Their step, their dance, their attitudes, have an attractive and irresistible charm. They have especially the talent of varying their character and air in a great variety of manners; sometimes exhibiting a mild languor, at others an enchanting gaiety, or flashes of imagination and sensibility, which leave the less chance of escaping them, as the sound of their voice is usually tender and delicate, and almost as powerful in its effect as the beauty of their features and form.

At Naples the men are very finely shaped, but the women are much less handsome. The Venetian women are very agreeable; but in general their forms somewhat exceed the just proportions of size.

At Rome, in the territory of that city, and in general in the countries which Winckelmann denominates the fine provinces of Italy, the transcendant beauty, that beauty which results principally from the regularity of the forms of parts and from the whole, is in some sort an indigenous production, a produce of the influence of climate. In any of these countries, says the author above-mentioned, we rarely see those indecisive and equivocal features which are so common among the ultramontanes, or people beyond the Alps. The traits which characterize the Italians are truly noble. The form of the countenance is large, well defined, and all the parts of it are harmoniously disposed. These characters of beauty are found even among the lowest class of the inhabitants, and many of the heads of the commonest people might appear with propriety in a historical painting. Nothing can be more picturesque than the heads of the old men. The beauty of the women is, perhaps, less perfect. "Nature," says the abbé Dupaty, "could not possibly have placed more properly, or in a manner more justly harmonizing, the forehead, the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the chin, the ears, and the neck. She could not have employed forms more pure, more mild or more correct. All the parts are finished, and the whole is complete. A beautiful Roman head always astonishes: it has its full effect at a first view, and the least suggestion recalls it to mind."

The perfection of the hands, which is so rare in the western countries, is not inferior, among the Romans, to the beauty of the countenance. The form of the shoulders acquires, with age, and in consequence of that plumpness which succeeds to the charms of youth, a perfection and grace of which the Roman ladies are extremely proud, and of which they avail themselves by uncovering those parts, and displaying them with equal coquetry and ostentation.

Proceeding from the south to the north, and from the east to the west,

the character of the Roman beauty degenerates, and becomes more rare. In Tuscany, however, and especially at Florence and Sienna, we find very beautiful women. In the higher countries, and those which make part of the chain of the Appenines, the complexion is fresh and clear, and, in the women, the shape has a justness of proportion only reprehensible for its too great tendency to *en bon point*, which is not compatible with that kind of beauty sought after by artists.

Lombardy, inclosed between mountains, and watered by a great number of rivers which fertilize it, no longer presents in its inhabitants the Italian character. Forms too voluminous, and a too marked *en bon point*, there diminish beauty. At Milan, however, and in some other cities, we find very beautiful women; and if we were to judge from the perfection of the small number of specimens, we should be led to consider the city just mentioned as one of those in which the character of the Italian beauty is displayed in its greatest lustre.

The more we advance towards the Alps the more this character of beauty disappears, and the more the human form approaches that of the inhabitants of the north and west of Europe. Of the whole of this part, which comprises Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and England, the south of France is the country in which the beauty of the women reminds us most of the antique, and presents analogies with the beauties of Greece and Italy. It is principally in late Provence, and a part of Languedoc that the conformation of the women presents this perfection; and, as Camper has well observed, we find among the inhabitants of these southern countries more frequently than in any other part of the western region that finished contour of the jaw, and that flatness of the visage, which appears to be of Grecian origin, and approaches to that inexpressible charm which the ancient artist has diffused over the

countenance of the Apollo, and over that of the Venus de Medici.

In several of the northern departments of France, we find very agreeable women, but without any trait of similitude with the antique perfection; and nature scarcely ever completes in those high latitudes the extremities, which she finishes with so much care under the beauteous sky of Italy. The purest and finest complexions and well-made forms, somewhat indeed too strongly expressed, recompense these defects, and cause them to be disregarded, in the females of several parts of Normandy, Picardy, Flanders, and Belgium. The women of Paris, who may be considered as almost a distinct species of women, are more conspicuous for their elegant air and manner, their grace, and the art with which they avail themselves of all their advantages, than for any great character of beauty. Their features, more agreeable than regular, have rarely any remarkable resemblance to the Grecian models. Immured in the closeness of their habitations, like the plant reared under the bell-glass, they become weak and defective in their proportions; they want freshness and colour, and their complexion has in general more of the interesting paleness of convalescence than of the animated bloom of youth and health.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ANECDOTE OF A CAT.

AN instance, very extraordinary in natural history, occurred a few years ago in the village of Crosby, England; and which, unless it had been rendered indisputable by ocular demonstration, would, in all probability, have been considered as fabulous and incredible. A young chicken, only two days old, that had by some accident one of its legs broken, was brought by the children of the house to which it belonged, with



many tears and lamentations, and placed on the hearth before the fire. A female cat, which was at that time in the house, approached the wounded and helpless bird, and, to the astonishment at least of the elder part of the family, took it under her protection. Nor did she remit her care and attention to the unfortunate bird, until it recovered of its broken limb, and was able to follow her about, which it continued to do for several weeks; and, when nature so far prevailed, that it seemed desirous of associating again with the feathered tribe, puss betrayed evident marks of anxiety and distress.

The cat has been generally considered a selfish and ungenerous animal; but instances are not wanting to prove, that it is sometimes actuated by the noblest and most disinterested motives.

P.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON THE MACHINERY OF THE ANCIENT EPIC POEM.

(Concluded from page 228.)

THERE are two ways, in which the supernatural beings interfere with the human actors of the poem. The one is by a kind of inspiration, elevating those whom they favour, and depressing and terrifying those whom they hate and persecute. This to a poet may, perhaps, be tolerated, though it is a miserable exhibition of the popular divinities, and accounts too well for the debased moral of the heathens, their partial affections, their vindictive and implacable passions, their want of all sympathy for man as man. It may be considered in this way, as a mere poetical fiction or imagery, conveying in more emphatic terms the idea of the grand, or the terrible. But the poetical illusion vanishes, when in the second way these deities are personally introduced on the stage; never above, generally

below the standard of men; serving to no purpose but as the necessary appendages of a national poem, or as a sacrifice to a political religion, but derived from a popular faith, which was the very dotage of a low, gross, and vicious superstition.

Of this second class are the following instances, which, among many others that might be adduced, it may be sufficient to notice.

Diomed is a warrior of the highest order. Is his heroism exalted by the personal accompaniment and co-operation of Minerva?

— She the man inspires,  
Strong in her strength, and warmed  
with all her fires.

Æneas is in the most eminent danger from his resistless arm. Thus far is still tolerable, and, by a little more strain of the imagination, Minerva might still be considered as but a representative of the hero's personal valour. But Venus personally interposes to rescue her mortal son. She is foiled and wounded in the attempt; nor does Mars himself, the dread god of battles, fare better, when opposed to the martial goddess in the person of Diomed. Surely this is heroism in burlesque. Those who can admire such a scene, must, methinks, have submitted their taste and understanding to as low a standard, as it was reduced with the heathens by their wretched theology. Though Homer told the tale, as he probably received it from tradition, yet it seems as if he felt the ridiculousness of the scene, when he sends the discomfited god blubbering up to the court of heaven, and impotently urging his complaints before his divine papa, who only mocks his sorrows.

But that the poet meant more than mere poetical allegory, by summoning his deities to the aid of his mortal combatants, is evinced by their humiliation in moments of difficulty and danger, when deserted by their heavenly assistants.

Hector is certainly a favourite character with Homer, both as a

warrior and a man. He is, indeed, in every view, the most illustrious hero of the Iliad. From the gallantry of his spirit, he challenges the bravest knight of Greece to the combat. Ajax steps forth from the Grecian ranks to meet him. He is appalled at the tremendous figure of his antagonist, but, though disdainful to fly, and summoning to the encounter both the soul and the resistance of a hero, he sunk under the blow of an immense stone, hurled from the brawny arm of Ajax, and must have perished, but for the intervention of Apollo, who, in the form of a vulture (a sublime representation to be sure of such a god!) had been contemplating the combat. Homer, if he had pleased, could have rendered his hero victorious, by the more active and timely intervention of the same favouring deity. Hector is not disgraced, but he is conquered. Such is the combat of men, sustained only by the energies of man. But Hector is indeed disgraced, when in the combat with Patroclus he conquers, and his disgrace arises from the interposed assistance of a god, one of the puppets of this childish machinery. There is nothing in the preceding history of Patroclus, which entitled him to be exempted from the honour of falling under the unaided arm of Hector, as Homer had repeatedly exhibited him. To this unnecessary interposition of a god, is added the farther disgrace of Hector's unmanly triumph and insult over his prostrate and dying foe.

Homer has, however, rendered poetic justice to the hero, whom, in subservience to his celestial machinery, he had thus disgraced in his combat with Patroclus; for, without the aid of Minerva, the never-failing champion of the Grecian cause, even Achilles, that goddess-born and invulnerable hero, on whose forbearance alone the fate of Troy seemed to be suspended, was not enabled to conquer the very man, who was so unequal to the encounter with his friend. To effect a death in battle is not a *nodus*,

*divino vindice dignus*; the machinery is a poor and artless refuge; the poem sinks in dignity; and human heroism, its only proper subject, is debased. Virgil, too servilely copying his model, has, in the last conflict with Turnus, dishonoured Æneas, in whose person he intended to do honour to the Roman story. Æneas conquered, not without a divine assistance; the king of the Latins knew from whose hand his death issued; he renders no homage to Æneas; his last words are,

—— I feared no death from thee,  
Jove and a fiend from hell have conquered me.

What is there then, which, in an appeal to taste or judgment, can plead with a modern the cause of the heathen deities, as an auxiliary of the ancient epic poem? The mythology of Greece and Rome is the most contemptible creation of man. We observe in it no whole, but a motley composition, formed out of discordant materials, loosely adhering, and altogether presenting neither dignity nor elegance, nor even the playful luxuriance of a wild but captivating fancy. In its gross, ferocious, and brutal part, it most resembles the Icelandic Edda; what claim it has to elegance, and taste, as in the fiction of Venus and Cupid, appears to be derived from the licentiousness of the Syrian goddess, or in the animation which it gives to all nature, from a poetic imagination, common to man in every age; and with the whole are incorporated the irregular and desultory actions of mere men of some early and rude age; altogether forming a most incongruous mass. Had it been permitted to Homer and Virgil to have adapted this machinery at their discretion, and as a vehicle of dignified and elegant moral, it is to be presumed that they would have moulded it to their purpose with more taste and judgment. But, obliged to receive it with all its absurdities, and fooleries, and grossness, its character in the appeal to



true taste appears to be, that it disgraces their poems, presents an immorality beyond the utmost licentiousness of man, debilitates the human story, and, in the most interesting exhibitions of human character, which constitutes the principal interest in the epopeia, takes the human agent out of the field of human sympathy, by placing him under the direction and control of a more powerful, but more capricious and immoral agency.

Homer, in all probability, entertained as little doubt of the theology of his day as any of his rude and unpolished countrymen, and therefore, without scruple, admitted into his poetic history of the wars of Troy, all the crudities of the popular superstition, with which tradition had liberally intermingled it. The faith of the Greeks and Romans appears to have contemplated their supposed divinities, as having no nobler occupation than to be busied with the interests and passions and prejudices of men, and, though the expedition against Troy had no higher end in view, than to recover a beautiful adulteress from the arms of her paramour, who had also violated the rights of hospitality, yet they deemed the cause of sufficient importance to interest the whole court of heaven, and thought the gods, to whom they ascribe the most partial and puerile affections, would enter into the quarrel, and, agreeably to their several inclinations, range themselves on the part of Greece or Troy, without any regard to right or wrong. Homer, therefore, without a sense of impropriety, might deem the celestial machinery to be an embellishment of his poem.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ELVIRA.

*(From the French.)*

THE lioness, though the most savage of the brute creation, having brought forth her young ones in a

den which she had before carefully chosen, does not imagine, that to have borne them for a certain time is *all*, and that after their birth, her concern with them is at an end: far from leaving them to the care of a stranger, she suckles them; and no sooner are they capable of eating, than she scours the wilds, and generously exposes herself to procure them food: she accounts not her duty done, till the strength and ferocity of the young lions show that they can live without her protection.

The linnet, the most fickle, wanton, and coquettish of all the feathered kind, giddy to a proverb, seems at the approach of spring to lay aside her distinguishing character. Foreseeing at a distance her laying-time, with what skill and assiduity she employs herself about her nest! What neatness, strength, convenience, I could almost say luxury! The winds roar, houses are laid in ruins, the earth shakes with impetuous storms; whilst the little nest, suspended at the extremity of a weak branch, is fixed to it by such a mechanism that nothing can hurt it. The laying-time come, she sits on her eggs. Throughout all nature, the female's domestic care is relieved by tenderness, industry, and officiousness in the male; while she communicates the necessary warmth for hatching her brood, the cock procures her nourishment. At length the brood is hatched, and the sight of them kindles all her tenderness; how fondly does she warm and cherish them! Do they begin to eat? Behold, ye fathers and mothers, her dexterity in feeding them: no humour, no freak, no partiality, is observable in her; all equally partake of her indulgence. With what patience does the kind mother sympathize with their weakness! she neither scolds at the awkward, nor deprives them of a single bill-full to lavish on the others. When the little linnets are nearly fledged, see how the delighted, sprightly mother flutters before them, intimating to them boldly to

take wing, and follow her through the liquid air: and what cannot example do? The little ones are soon determined by that of their mother: after a few trials, they take their parting flight, and look out for themselves.

These examples are too remote to make much impression; not one in a hundred ever saw a lioness; and a linnet, though well known to us, is but little regarded; it is necessary to present a scene that has fallen under every one's observation.

In the same seat, and at the same time, the operations of Nature are seen the same in their causes; though, through human depravity, extremely different in their consequences. Puss has just kittened in the loft; *Diana* has brought forth two puppies in a lodge on the staircase; and *Elvira*, in her apartment, has given birth to the heir of the name, honours and estate of the family.

Out of puss's six kittens, the knot of servants have kindly thought of drowning four. Upon the first appearance of an enemy, she starts, her eyes flame: day and night she is found ready to oppose an invader. Before these deliveries, the cat and *Diana* lived pretty sociably, but now all their natural animosity revives; nothing but snarling and threatening is observed, if they chance to see each other.

Poor puss, drained by her six sucklings, finds there is no holding out any longer without food, but that she must leave them: she puts off to the utmost an absence of which her tender misgivings forbode the sad consequences: at length she brings herself to resolve on a cruize; yet she does not set out precipitately, leaving her little ones at random: before she stirs from the loft, she reconnoitres every corner against any ambush or surprize, and, in running down to the kitchen, is full of the saddest ideas about the loft-door, which she is unable to secure; she trembles while she is eating; and, after hastily swallowing a bit or two, scours away to her

nursery. Alas! advantage has been taken of her absence to execute the plot, and carry off four of her litter. She comes, in an effusion of tenderness, to distribute among them those nourishing juices with which Nature fills her for the sustenance of her young ones. What a terrible sight is here for the tender-hearted puss! She drops a restorative which she had pleased herself with the thoughts of eating in quiet near them, and, without indolently making an end of her meal, animated by the agonies of maternal fondness, she leaves every thing; and, in the tumult of her despair, almost forgets the two that remain, to hie away in quest of the other four, which seem, by being lost, to become dearer to her than before.

She ferrets about every where, no place escapes her search; she squeezes through the smallest holes; flies from the stables to the wood-house, from thence to the cellars, offices, and apartments; her pitiful mewings entreat every one she meets to restore her young ones. Puss, so fierce in her loft for their defence, fawns and crouches to find them again. Vain are all her pains, all her arts; they are for ever lost.

She bethinks herself of the two that were left; their helpless condition calls her back; and in them she finds comfort. She breeds them up with the greatest care and indulgence; and, when able to bear a little play, with what gentleness and caution does she fondle them! She acts over again all the tricks of her youth to divert them, and is the fond, tender, and careful mother even in their sports; nor does this indulgence abate, till she sees them able to follow her into the kitchen, and there provide for themselves.

*Diana*, in her lodge, is not less mindful of her young than puss; at the least noise she is upon the lookout; but being a favourite of her master she is not put to the trouble of fetching food: precaution, however, is necessary in bringing it to her; and her meat must be laid by



the door ; for should even her keeper offer to come a step nearer, he would surely see, if not feel, her teeth : so shy and wild is this creature become, who a few days before was all play and fondness.

Very far is she from meeting with the same disaster as puss ; had she ten puppies, not one of them would be touched : *Diana* is the truest, swiftest bitch ; there is no being overstocked with such a breed ; they, therefore, suck their mother, and grow up beside her in perfect quiet, till they are fit to be trained for the field. Now they are, indeed, out of the house : but mind the care of *Elvira's* husband, that his greyhounds may not be stolen ; the business is too important to be trusted to any other person : he himself puts about their neck a ribbon, sealing the tied ends with his signet ; and could it better secure them, he would procure the great seal ; then a minute account is taken of all the spots and marks, by which he may know them again, when they are brought to him from their tutor. Here's exactness ! here's concern ! and about what ? about making sure of two dogs of a promising breed.

Now pass we on to the third event ; doubtless, the most interesting and curious ; but its consequences the most unnatural, and the most blameable : follow me into *Elvira's* apartment. Hush ! tread softly ; let not the floor feel your feet ; this chamber is not to be entered without a kind of veneration, it is the temple of silence and rest : even women here never speak without being under an absolute necessity, then, surely, a man ought not to move a lip. Oh ! but let me ask you, which came you to see, the mother or the child ? If curiosity, to have a sight of the new-born heir of so great a name, has brought you hither, let us draw towards that bed of state ; it is certainly there that the dear infant lies. Oh ! simple man ! you thought to see the baby at its mother's breast : where have you lived ? a villager could

not be more ignorant. What, did you imagine yourself in some cottage ? Must you be taught, that the ladies are not sensible of their being mothers any longer than while they are with child, and that over, the duties, and almost the very name, are quite out of their mind ?

Is the fruit of *Elvira's* love thus already denied a place in her bed ? what more could be done were it the offspring of her hatred ? But so tender a point is only to be glanced at ; let us leave it to the reflections of the parties concerned.

*Elvira*, inclosed by curtains, and indolently stretched on the softest down, shows no consciousness of her being a mother ; the babe, without the least concern, she has delivered up to a nurse. Besides the dangers to which the little creature is exposed in the hands of a strange woman, her blood (perhaps none of the purest) will be incorporated with his : the expression is too weak ; it is from that suspicious blood that the infant's body is to receive a kind of new formation. Can the mother, with any reason, imagine, that this woman, who rates her attendance at a guinea a month, will think herself obliged to deal more tenderly with her son than she herself has done, especially after such a pattern of neglect and cruelty ?

Puss and *Diana*, mothers truly worthy of being such ! here is none of your affection, of your concern for your little ones ; it is with pleasure I reflect again on your cares and anxieties.

Suspend your censures awhile ; possibly *Elvira* may not be able to suckle her child. Oh, no, no ! you are quite mistaken ! it is no such matter ! she overflows with the kindly juice ; she complains of the quantity ; yet, rather than let it issue in a healthful and natural manner, she flies to dangerous methods to divert the course, and dry up the spring.

How ! it is now four long days since *Elvira* was brought to bed, and all this time her tenderness can

bear him in the house: he is not yet removed to the nurse's hole of a room; surely, in her motherly affection, she has thought fit to repeal the barbarous order for its banishment. No, no; it is only respited for a few days, till the arrival of a duke, who is to stand god-father.

At length the long-expected god-father arrives; the pompous ceremony is over; and now the babe is to be committed to the care of *Hannah*, the shoemaker's wife. Here will naturally occur the father's cautions against changing the favorite *Die's* puppies; nor were those cautions any wise blameable in a keen sportsman, who, knowing what a rare bitch she is, would secure her breed for himself. But what can be said for his indifference about his son, the only heir of his name and estate, and perhaps the only one he ever may have? He is carried away, without any account taken of the marks by which he may be known when he comes from the nurse. Should he die, should *Hannah* put one of her own in his stead, how would the cheat be cleared up? That seems the same to him; let but a child be brought, possibly, whosoever's it be, the changeling may belong to him as much as to another. But what must we think of *Elvira's* husband? why, that he is more of a sportsman than a father. And who would swear that he was any thing else? However that be, this query does not reach *Elvira*; her's is the sure side.

The beautiful *Elvira*, after soaking six whole weeks, has the pleasure (and she is not a little elate with it) to see in her glass, that her lovely face has received no damage, that not a feature is enlarged, nor her admired youthful lustre in the least dimmed. The sparkling eye, the idolized freshness, the lilies and roses, the pride of her heart, retain all their beauty; and her fine breast, set out to the best advantage, has lost nothing of its colour or its form: she congratulates herself with con-

scious pride; her heart leaps with the idea of making her public appearance, without the odious, invidious compliments of condolence on her being so much altered; and, pleased to find herself so well got over her state of motherhood, she firmly resolves within herself, in case of a second pregnancy, which she will however venture at, to be no more a mother than she was before; nor even to think of it, but in a melancholy mood.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

MAN AND WOMAN.

*A Dialogue.*

*Man.* PROMETHEUS has formed me complete, and yet I feel a void within my breast, that requires something to fill it up.—Oh you are that something!

*Woman.* I must advise you that I have not yet determined in what manner I shall dispose of myself.

*Man.* You answer coldly to a tender sentiment. Pardon me—surprise and emotion—

*Woman.* Oh, no doubt! But, either Prometheus is an impostor, or you should regard me with more ardent looks.

*Man.* What did Prometheus tell you?

*Woman.* He told me, positively, that he had given me beauty for my exclusive portion.

*Man.* Very true.

*Woman.* That it would enable me to gain the heart of man

*Man.* This also is true: you have gained mine.

*Woman.* That this beauty would triumph by its own force; that, in fine, being a woman, I had received from him the power of commanding every thing I pleased.

*Man.* Ah! I understand. It is a mistress that Prometheus has had the complaisance to create for me. Very well! I wish to be independent: yet I am ready to do every



thing for you. The delicacy of your organization interests me even more than your charms. However—

*Woman.* Is this a man?

*Man.* Is this a woman?

*Woman.* I thought he was to adore me.

*Man.* I thought that she would constitute the happiness of my life.

*Woman.* Adieu!

*Man.* Do you fly me?

*Woman.* Oh! I formed of you such a pleasing image!

*Man.* Not more pleasing than that which I formed of you.

*Woman.* If I leave you once, you shall never see me more.

*Man.* You ought to be my companion, as I ought to be your support. Alas! if separated, what will be our lot?

*Woman.* I am under no anxiety for my person. Prometheus can create other men.

*Man.* Yes; and other women.

*Woman.* I shall prevent him; or I will advise him to make them ugly—so ugly!

*Man.* I could accommodate myself, be assured, a thousand times better to one that was ugly, but agreeable, than to a tyrannical beauty.

*Woman.* You allow, then, that I am handsome.

*Man.* Yes. But, to set a just value upon it, you must also allow that there is not such a prodigious difference between us, and that I am formed passing well. A truce, then, with vanity: you are no more a goddess, than I a god!—We are but two mortals. Let us, then, fulfil the wish of Prometheus: he has intended we should live together; that selfishness should not divide us, while reciprocal wants require that we should be united.

*Woman.* There is something just in your mode of reasoning; but this word *wants* checks me. It is not *want* that has brought me to you: it is—

*Man.* Whatever you please. Let us not dispute about words.

*Woman.* I am already full of spleen. I wish there were other

men, that I might see what impression I should make upon them. Each of them would eagerly press around me; they would be all desirous to please me; and to effect this, their imaginations would be constantly employed in devising suitable words and actions. You would then be afraid to lose me: you would imitate—you would even surpass them; and the satisfaction which I should thence derive would render me still more amiable.

*Man.* I, too, wish that there were other women. If their extravagance resembled your's, they might excite in me a smile, but no other sensation. I have heard enough. I must leave you.

*Woman.* Whither are you going?

*Man.* How does that concern you?

*Woman.* I shall follow you.

*Man.* There is no occasion.

*Woman.* Do you, then, reject me? Gods!

*Man.* She weeps!—I did not perceive all her charms!—Ah! I swear I did not mean to give you pain.

*Woman.* Give me your arm.

*Man.* What an ascendancy!

*Woman.* Let us make friends.

*Man.* On my knees I pray your—

*Woman.* What a charming being is man!

*Man.* Say, rather, what a weak one! I no longer know myself: I feel a strange, a ravishing delight! and I yield my whole soul to it. Enjoy your victory—but do not abuse it.

*Woman.* Will you wish, from this hour, for other women?

*Man.* Will you wish that there were other men?

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

## THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XVI.

IN our estimate of the value of those qualities for which some persons are so eminent, and, indeed, those which are, in some degree,

possessed and practised by all, we are apt to consider politeness, not as one of the pillars which support the structure of a well-regulated society, but rather as one of those ornaments which serve to adorn the shaft, or enrich the capital.

No uninvestigated, or, perhaps, unfounded opinion has more plausibility. What, say some, is politeness? what but the practice of deceit and imposture, and a sacrifice of sincerity and frankness, at the shrine of human vanity and pride? The observation, however, is not too well founded; the deceit practised is a deceit of words, not of meaning; the sacrifice is of sound, not of substance; and it is not always offered at the shrine of human vanity and pride, but of human sensibility. Even this deceit of words imposes on no one not extremely ignorant; for who believes the common phrases of a polite man to flow in a pure stream from his heart? They are considered as a current coin, to which custom has affixed a certain value, and which are seldom offered at more than the accustomed price.

In the course of my remarks on this subject, I must be understood to perceive and recommend the necessity of confining the exercise of *this virtue* within certain limits: what these are, it is not easy to determine; they must be fixed by the good sense which every truly polite person necessarily possesses. A few general observations may still be hazarded. Truth ought never to be sacrificed, though it may, when necessary, be concealed; politeness should induce no one to make a promise which he intends not to perform; nor should it ever be exercised where there is any danger of deceiving the person to whom it may be addressed; there should be no fawning, no *monkey tricks* practised or encouraged: these form no part of politeness; they are useless and disgusting appendages: like those preposterous fopperies which fashion introduces, and expects to introduce others, not parts

of dress contributing to elegance or utility.

Perhaps it may be necessary to define what is here considered as constituting politeness. It is that feeling which induces us to be tender of the feelings of our fellow-creatures; to be careful never wantonly or unnecessarily to wound them; to conceal all those disagreeable truths, the disclosure of which is useless; to soften, as much as is consistent with sincerity, those which must be imparted; and to tell those which are agreeable in an agreeable manner: for it should be remembered, that true *politeness* is not merely one of those things which hang suspended between virtue and vice, and keeps pace with the advancement of civilization, the progress of the arts, and the introduction of luxury, but a virtue which is always attendant, in some shape or other, on the footsteps of humanity; not a weed generated and cherished in the hot-bed of refinement and corruption, but the genuine produce of a feeling heart and a cultivated mind.

Let it not be said, that politeness degenerates into servility in compliment, to adulation in praise, and to hypocrisy in profession;—we do not deny it: but, when thus degenerated, it is no longer politeness, but the abuse of it. Religion has sometimes degenerated into superstition; but this is no argument against religion itself. The effects which politeness produces in society are sometimes beneficial in a high degree; for though it frequently conceals a want of friendship, it forbears to display the existence of dislike; and if it has not the power to destroy the emotion of resentment, it crushes it in its birth, or softens the horrors of its progress. Let universal *bluntness* reign uncontrolled; let no sentiment of politeness exist; let no sympathy, no humanity prevent the disclosure of every truth; what would be the consequence? what would become of every generous emotion? They would all sink together; the most disagreeable, the most painful truths



would be unnecessarily disclosed, and the human bosom be rent with innumerable sorrows, of which it might have for ever remained ignorant; every charm which softens the intercourse between man and his fellow-man would be lost in the sweeping course of untempered sincerity.

Happily this picture can never be realized, because politeness can never become totally extinct, while the bosom is alive to the feelings of humanity. It is in some measure natural to man, since we find it even among savages. Among those of North America, we might find various instances of it; among others, when a person whom they respect passes through their towns, they are said not to suffer even their children to crowd around them to gratify their harmless curiosity, thereby evincing a degree of good-manners, which will not suffer their friends to be incommoded. Unfortunately the implacable hatred they bear to their enemies prevents them from exercising it, or even its parent virtue, humanity, in their behalf; but it is only a proof that, did they possess more civilization, they would possess more humanity and more politeness.

VALVERDI.

*Philadelphia, April 20th,*  
1807.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON THE PERSONS DRESS, AND  
MANNERS OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

*By a late English Traveller.*

IT cannot be doubted that elegance of dress and manners gives a lustre to beauty, and excites the senses through the medium of the imagination: it has even been observed, that were it the fashion to go naked, the face would hardly be noticed; certain it is, that the

bare feet very much attracted our attention: the conspicuously active spring of the ball of the foot, and the powerful grasp of the toes, increased our knowledge, by exhibiting the beauty and utility of that member. All the highlanders walk with firmness and agility. We saw not a single instance of a female turning in her toes, or stepping with a stiff bent knee.

We remarked, that, north of Glasgow, we had not beheld one individual, man, woman, or child, crooked: and that, though their feet were freely applied to rugged roads and gravelly shores, they yet did not appear to have received any injury.

The rude mode of living of the highlanders seems in many respects not dissimilar to that described by Hollingshed, at the close of the fifteenth century, in England. "Considerable towns," he observes, "had hardly a house with a chimney in it; the smoke sought its way out at the roof or door: the houses were nothing but waling, plastered over with clay: pillows were only used for women in child-bed. Students dined at eleven, and supped at five o'clock. The merchants of London seldom dined before twelve at noon, or supped before six at night."

We naturally expected to have seen the tartan plaid much worn, but we did not meet any one in this highland dress; in the philibeg and bonnet very seldom; and the ancient costume seems to be entirely laid aside.

We observed that all the people in the highlands had linen next their skins. In this respect, if the humorous remark of the learned Arbuthnot be true, they are more comfortable than were the imperial Cæsars; for "Augustus had neither glass to his windows nor a shirt to his back."

The young women let their hair grow long behind, and twist and fasten it on the top of the head with a comb, and thus wear it without caps. They, as well as the men, are uniformly short in stature, unin-

cumbered with flesh, and very active; but their faces are rarely handsome, and generally, as we thought, indicated the appearance of premature old-age. Their features are probably hardened by exposure to the severe blasts of winter, contracted into a most unsightly grin by labour, soured by want and misery, and oppressed with deep dejection of spirit.

The manners of the people, however, are easy, respectful, and agreeable, showing simplicity mingled with intelligence, and an openness of manner and behaviour superior to disguise or artifice, and possessing great presence of mind and ready wit, which have often been remarked to appertain to those living in mountainous countries. Their general agility proved that they could

“Foot it featy here and there;”

but, alas! when the heart does not rejoice, gladness cannot be communicated to the feet. Though there was much equability of temper, there was no mirth. Were they indeed disposed to those amusements which require the participation of numbers, they are commonly too thinly scattered to form such harmonizing sports.

The powerful influence of the bagpipe over the highlanders is well known; it roused them from security, and collected them when dispersed: their attachment to it was not unlike that of the ancient Germans to the animating strains of their bards, which excited the desire of fame and the contempt of death. At the battle of Quebec (1759), we are told that general Fraser, in answer to a complaint made of the misconduct of his regiment, informed the commander in chief he had done wrong in forbidding the pipes to play. “Let them blow,” he exclaimed, “like the devil, if they will but bring back the men.” The moment the pipes struck up a favourite martial air, the highlanders formed with the utmost intrepidity.

It seems hardly possible to be amongst a people whose wild and inhospitable country prevents their participating in the comforts of their neighbours, without sympathizing with their wants, and feeling a strong interest in their welfare. We doubted if the traveller could be more safe from harm, even amongst the simple and innocent Laplanders. Dr. Johnson’s remark that “mountaineers are thievish,” is erroneous; and, applied to the Scottish highlanders, is particularly unjust.

Their patient sufferance of toil, connected with an almost total exclusion from enjoyment, fills the stranger with regret that these high-spirited and virtuous natives should be driven to emigration. The inhospitable ruggedness and sterility of the country might seem to be hardship enough; but the engrossing of farms is necessarily inflicting a much deeper wound on the vitals of the country than the greatest severities could do. It is in vain for the advocates for large farms to affirm that this system, by increasing the rent of the landlord, must therefore increase the general population. The ruinous vestiges of cottages, with their small appendant inclosures, containing grass, corn, and potatoes, which had been cultivated with infinite labour, too plainly evince the contrary. These, now mingling with the general waste, furnish but too incontrovertible proofs of the decay of those intrepid mountaineers, who in any struggle for independence would form our best national security.

Though ferocity, authorized and cherished by their chiefs, entered into the composition of the highlanders, that seems now to have left them; but ferocity does not constitute courage. Give their active souls, visible in their lively eyes, but a proper sphere for their bravery; and be assured, though their dignity is depressed, and though happily their courage is not whetted by domestic animosity, that their military ardour will not be found abated. To their rugged lives, war would be a



scene of festivity. The little necessary to the support of a highlander would astonish an English soldier ; and the little that would sustain a still more hardy race would astonish both.

The highlander, on long journeys, over hills, destitute of human support, will for a long time repel the attacks of hunger by eating dried roots. The Tartars, we are told by Gibbon, on the sudden emergency of a hasty march, provided themselves with a quantity of little balls of cheese, or hard curd, which they occasionally dissolved in water ; and that this unsubstantial diet would support for many days the life and even the spirits of the patient warrior.

It is doubted whether this elegant English historian could have selected, throughout his vast researches, a more striking proof of the fierce bravery of the Tartars than the classic annalist of Scotland (Buchanan) has given of the highlanders.

"In 1396, a private war existed between the clan Chattan and the clan Kay, which was decided in a manner parallel to the combat between the Horatii and the Curiatii. A cruel feud raged between these warlike tribes, which the king (Robert III) in vain endeavoured to reconcile. At length the earls of Crawford and Dunbar proposed that the difference should be determined by the sword, by thirty champions on each side. The warriors were chosen, the day of combat fixed, the field appointed, and the king and his nobility assembled as spectators. On reviewing the combatants, one of the clan Chattan, seized with a panic, was missing ; when it was proposed, in order to form a parity of numbers, that one of the clan Kay should withdraw ; but such was the spirit of that brave people, that not one could be induced to resign the honour and danger of the day. At length, one Henry Wind, a saddler, who happened accidentally to be present, offered to supply the place of the deserter, for the small sum of a French crown of gold. He was

accepted, the combat began, and Henry fairly earned his pay ; for by his prowess, victory declared itself in favour of his party. Of that of the clan Chattan only ten and the volunteer were left alive, and every one of them dangerously wounded. Of the clan Kay, only one survived, who, declining so unequal a combat, flung himself into the Tay, and swam over unhurt to the opposite side."

That instability of human grandeur, so much affected by the mad ambition of a few individuals, shows the necessity of our being not wholly commercial. Of this, these highlanders themselves gave us, in the year 1745, an unequivocal lesson.

"In future times," says Pennant, "posterity will almost doubt the fact, when they read that an inconsiderable band of mountaineers, undisciplined, unofficered, and half-armed, had penetrated into the centre of an unfriendly country, with one army behind them, and another in their front ; that they rested at Derby a few days ; and that they retreated above three hundred miles, with scarcely any loss, continually pressed by a foe supplied with every advantage that loyalty could afford."

If the attachment of the highlander to an excluded family once rendered him dangerous to our government, it is now at an end ; both nature and habit fit him, who has emphatically been said to fight by instinct, for the severest duties of a soldier ; and, surely, it cannot be policy to export these heroes to the wilds of Canada, or drive them to the back settlements of Kentucky ! It is not easy to find a remedy for the evil, which will not interfere with the inalienable right of disposing of our property as we please ; yet, unless the evil be exposed, it is not probable that a remedy will be applied.

The highlander has deeply to lament, though not owing to any want on his part of vigilance or activity, the loss of those small patches of cultivated earth, and those humble cottages, which were left him by his industrious ancestors ; he

must behold with pain nature resuming her rights, effacing his operations, and covering with moss and heath his best efforts; but still he has the consolation of reflecting that he clung to his country as long as he was permitted to cultivate it, and as long as it was habitable.

Continuing our route through an avenue consisting almost entirely of ash trees, we reached Luss, where we bade farewell to the highlands. While our horses were feeding and resting, we amused ourselves with walking about the village, and along the shores of the lake. One of the houses, built like that in Glen-croe, we entered. The fire was here also in the middle of the floor, and the smoke was left to find its way out at the door, and through the holes which admitted the light. It contained two slovenly young women, who were sitting idly near the glowing embers, enjoying the comforts of smarting eyes and suffocation, though the pure air and the summer sun were to be enjoyed on the outside of their habitation. Here no violence is suffered from those unwholesome clouds, and here the strong expression of dislike used by Shakespeare, "worse than a smoky house," loses its force.

We visited another dwelling, which was somewhat larger, and much neater. Its possessor was the wife of a servant of sir James Colquhoun, who has a fine mansion at the southern extremity of the lake. She had learnt, in respectable families, the divine habits of cleanliness and industry.

The hardy Caledonians divert themselves with the effeminacy of their neighbours of the south, and among their gibes mention, that at this place two English travellers (cockneys of course) arrived, with a full determination of making the tour of the highlands. In the morning, however, when they had mounted their tandem, one of them, alarmed at the thick mists and hanging clouds around them, observed to his companion, that, "beyond those

mountains he was sure the sun never shone;" and the other being of the same opinion, they immediately turned their horses round, and hastened back to the sun-shine of the Seven-dials, and the clear atmosphere of Exeter-change.

In a large company of Scots gentlemen, where this anecdote was related, we were not sparing of our compliments to their country, of which those, at least, relative to their hospitality were most sincere; for never was a nation more courteous in their reception of strangers, or more solicitous to conciliate by their kindness those whom they enlighten by their intelligence. If, in some respects, our gratitude led us, in our acknowledgments, beyond the strict boundary of truth, we found their national, like individual, modesty so mild a virtue as easily to pardon the insult of flattery.

After ridiculing the effeminacy of the English, the grave gentlemen of the company spared not our real or supposed vices; and prognosticated that but for themselves the most fatal consequences would ensue from the decay of public manners. It seemed to be their opinion, that degeneracy had debased our sentiments, enervated our courage, and depressed our talents; whilst these giants of the north, being out of the reach of the contagion, had by their union with us preserved the only remaining spirit and capacity in the kingdom.

In answer to these observations, the application of a reply made above two thousand years since, to similar complaints, had a whimsical effect.—"This is so true, that I remember, when I was a boy, I heard my father say all was lost by the immorality of the people; and, when he was a boy, he heard my grandfather say the same thing."

It must, however, be admitted, that the Scots have little disposition to retaliate upon their southern neighbours for their national reflections. We wished they had possessed the spirit and the humour to rebut, and to laugh at these jokes;



for we suspected that at first Dr. Johnson's remarks were expressed in jocularly; and that, when he found he had created enemies, he became himself soured into serious hostility, and then spared neither country nor inhabitants.

It was impossible to leave the highlands without regretting that cultivated and inquisitive men had not employed their leisure, agreeably to themselves and profitably to the state, in viewing and recording the life, condition, and manners, of this sequestered race. Probably here they would find humanity in as simple a state as many travellers have gone thousands of miles to witness; and if it be more natural and more advantageous to introduce agricultural improvements, encourage manufactures and fisheries, and give excitement to the industry of our countrymen, than to waste our benevolence in theoretical and impracticable projects of universal good, surely it will be deemed no idle or useless avocation to visit the highlands.

The life of the highlander was formerly, like that of all rude nations, squandered in extreme sloth, except he was roused by some great necessity. Extraordinary exertion necessarily requires long rest, and hence all barbarians are by turns the most restless and the most indolent of mankind; but indolence more easily slides into habit.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON THE STATURE AND BODILY  
POWERS OF THE ANCIENTS.

*To the Editor, &c.*

SIR,

IT has been a popular notion, from perhaps the earliest times, that the human race, at previous and remote periods, were of a stature and strength far superior to those of the instant, and we read in Homer of the weak men of his degenerate days. Granting a ratio of gradual diminution, from the first men, in their suc-

cessors; allowing also the intelligibility and propriety of the term first men, the men as well as the *peaches* of Adam's days must have been of an admirable and stately size. We have caught this notion from the ancients, and applied it generally to the early periods of our history, and in part to centuries and times immediately preceding our own. That affection for the marvellous, and that credulity, which seem so essentially connate with the human mind, have not been satiated with assigning to the early races of men superior stature and bodily strength, but also a far more lengthened duration of life, even to heaping centuries upon centuries, to the favoured generations of the primitive times.

I should be pleased to see this curious subject discussed in a far more extensive way than I am prepared to treat it, and indeed with a more satisfactory precision than it has ever hitherto been treated. I have only a few general remarks to offer, and they must hold relation rather with analogy than fact; but will be found tending towards a conviction which has long established itself in my mind, that the human body, as well as the human soul, have been, and necessarily must be, of equal stature, strength, and duration, from the earliest to the latest times. Variations, natural or acquired, habitual or local, detract nothing from the point and solidity of the above position.

We should derive slender assistance in our advance towards truth from ancient history, which every reflecting man is convinced must, from the nature of things, be grounded in absurd and illusory fables. It will be sufficient to take a retrospect of seven or eight centuries into our own history, and to glance at those collateral and corroborating circumstances supposed to attend the seventeenth, and the early part of the eighteenth. The curious antiquaries who have, in the Tower of London and elsewhere, examined the ponderous armour and massive weapons of those early times, assure us, that

it would be simply impossible for the one to be borne, or the other wielded, by the puny arms of the warriors of these degenerate and effeminate days. The rougher habits, coarser and more substantial viands, which were in general use in former and less civilized times, are adduced as auxiliary arguments on the same side. An additional confirmation of the superior animal powers of our ancestors has been discovered in the old practice of physic; and we find such enormous doses of the most potent articles of the *materia medica* prescribed, not only by Sydenham, but by certain physicians who wrote sixty or seventy years since his time, as would be now thought sufficient to dispatch the most robust of us puny moderns to the Elysian shades. Even our diseases, it seems, have equitably and charitably retrograded with us in power, and we no longer are goaded by the full-toned and raging *podagra*, which has in latter times given place to the languid and enfeebled atonic gout.

Let us confront this short general view with a counter-view of equal brevity. It is the invariable effect of the arts and sciences attendant on civilization gradually to substitute lightness and symmetry for cumbrous weight, and activity for the less useful and effective motion of slow and heavy masses. Thus the apparent superiority of bodily powers in the ancients, with a reserve for their superior athletic habits, amounts perhaps to nothing more than their labouring under useless weight, of which the men of modern times would be equally capable, did not their science render it unnecessary, and the required expedition alone impossible. We are shown a lance or spear of immense size, the staff of which is *like a weaver's beam*, and assured that it was commonly used by an ancient British Goliath, a picked man doubtless: and have we not our modern Irish and British Goliaths? All the tales of antiquity are by no means so correct as those which assert the existence of giants, an enlarged variety of the human

species, which has undoubtedly existed and been recognized in many parts of the world, from the earliest antiquity to the present times. As to the pretended longevity of the ancients, the notion has been doubtless grounded on the mistake of reckoning by the present computation of time, instead of the more ancient year, which consisted of but two months. According to this latter computation, the age of Methuselah will not exceed that of old Parr, nor equal that of many long-lived moderns. Could any doubt lie as to this mode of settling the point, and there seems very little room for any, it may be fairly averred, that history is far more likely to deviate or commit a gross blunder than nature; an averment that will prove satisfactory to all men of sense, in a great variety of cases, and such as may be readily supposed.

In ancient and uncivilized times, when luxury was confined to few, or was even unknown to all, the athletic form and powers were no doubt more generally diffused; but even the luxury and refinement of modern times, however extreme, have by no means banished those manly attributes. The English, Neapolitan, and Egyptian porters and peasantry, and the Russian and German soldiers, most manfully support this truth, and may be confronted for hardihood and feats of bodily strength with the stoutest and most redoubtable heroes of the ancient world. Are we to suppose that the men who, with so much toil and labour, fought under their heavy arms at Fontenoy and Dettingen, were of taller stature and greater bodily strength than those who fought and ran away with so much celerity at the late battle of the three emperors? No; we who knew and observed the soldiers of the seven years' war, can vouch that no such difference has existed. The weight of the arms and accoutrements, not of the soldiers themselves, has changed.

To proceed to that part of the argument in which medicine is concerned, is it not probable also that



the size and strength of the doses, not of the patients, have undergone a revolution, and that medical science has improved, rather than any material change has taken place in the human frame. This is to speak generally, since, in course, robust habits must require the most powerful doses, and the boldest treatment in respect to phlebotomy; and such patients might be more numerous in former days than in the present times. Yet surely we ought not to take the luxurious period of the second Charles, and the sottish days of George I and II (without the smallest intention to inculcate the two last monarchs), for times of superior health and hardihood. The very weight of drapery, velvet, broad-cloth, and massive lace, and voluminous perriwig, under which the noble, the gentle, and the polite of those days strutted and sweated, with their large fires, substantial and heavy window and bed-furniture, must surely have tended to slacken and reduce their constitutional powers. Were these the men who could bear without injury the purgative doses we find prescribed in Sydenham and Shaw, or afford to lose a couple of pounds of blood at a time without flinching? We may, I hope, rather take it for granted, that both the practice of medicine and the chances of the patient are improved.

L.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

ABRIDGED HISTORY OF THE  
DUTCH STAGE.

*By M. De Haug.*

DRAMATIC literature commenced among the Dutch in the 14th century, by means of their *spreckers*, or *kamerspeelers*, the only orators of that time. They generally went alone, sometimes attended by one of their colleagues, to the neighbouring courts, where they declaimed histories or subjects of their own invention, and accompanied

VOL. VII. NO. XLIII.

their delivery with all sorts of gestures. Among others is mentioned William Van Hillegardsberg. In the 15th century appeared the *redenrykers*, or rhetoricians, who procured great celebrity by their poems and their spectacles, and formed particular societies which they called *redenrykkamers*—chambers of rhetoric. As early as 1430, we find mention made of that of Middleburg, in Zeeland, the members of which were denominated *sprook-spreckers*—speakers of proverbs. A few years afterwards similar associations were established at Vlaardingen, at Nieuwkerk, and at Gouda.

So far back as the year 1401, the Resurrection of Jesus Christ was acted before duke Albert of Bavaria; and in 1418, all kinds of histories taken from the Bible, such as the sayings and deeds of Herod, were represented in the cathedral of Utrecht. Among the moral pieces are mentioned, "*Het Schaakspele gemoraliseerd*"—The Game of Chess moralized; "*De Moralisatie in de Destructie van Troye*"—The Moralization of the Destruction of Troy. In 1452, a moral play, on the subject of the Virgin Mary, was acted before the town-house at Arnheim. The most ancient piece that is now extant bears this singular title, "*Sport of the amorous May, in which Pluto carries off Proserpine*." Philip the fair had no hesitation to become a member of the chamber of rhetoric of Brussels; nay, he went still farther, and established at Mechlin a sovereign chamber of rhetoricians, giving it for its president his own chaplain Peter Aelturs, who assumed the title of sovereign prince of the chamber. Aelturs afterwards transferred it to Ghent: and Maximilian I, and likewise Charles V, confirmed its institutions.

From all the descriptions of these theatrical representations, it appears, that, in the beginning, the priests were in Holland, as in every other country, the first poets and the first actors. To render these

pieces taken from the Bible still more palatable to the public, they added to them comedies and farces, which they denominated *kluchten* and *zottekluiten*. The moral end of these representations was commonly explained in a prologue or epilogue; and they were encouraged not only by secular princes, but even by archbishops and popes. Morality was, however, soon forgotten; and writers took the liberty of introducing into these pieces so many cutting satires, so many severe allusions and licentious expressions, that, in the year 1445, they were prohibited in many places. This did not, however, prevent the continuation of the obnoxious exhibitions for a considerable time longer; the people would not submit to be deprived of this pleasure; so that it was found necessary at least to place these pieces and the actors under the authority of the magistrates, who were instructed to subject them to an examination more or less severe. Till towards the sixteenth century, the clergy abused these plays and their representations, making them subservient to their political or private plans, and sometimes converting them into vehicles of mischief to the laity; but at the commencement of the sixteenth century the case was reversed; the laity in their dramas depreciated the clergy in every possible way, and too frequently made religion and ecclesiastics the subject of their pleasantry. In 1533, some redenrykers established a chamber at Amsterdam, and, without giving previous information to the magistrates, represented in a comedy, in the most licentious manner, the irregularities and immoralities of the clergy. These new actors were speedily punished for their insolence: not only were nine of them sentenced to perform a pilgrimage to Rome, but an ordinance was issued forbidding all comedies that had not been examined and permitted by the magistrates of the city. The same circumstance occurred at Vosmeer, at Zierikzee, in Zea-

land, and several other places. However, neither laws, proclamations, nor punishments, were capable of restraining the satires of the redenrykers; and their boldness at length increased to such a degree, that, in 1564, plays of every kind were prohibited at Harlem, unless they had been read and approved by the bishop, or by persons of his appointment. At the same time the ecclesiastics had recourse to a much more certain method of preventing the disgrace and the ridicule to which they were exposed by these satirical pieces. They represented to the people in the most odious light, and painted in the blackest colours, all the members of these redenrykkamers, both actors and authors. The people believed all that was told them; the actors soon lost all the esteem of their fellow-citizens, and that profession was branded with a disgrace which those who practise it have never been able to wipe off, and which even at the present day exhibits traces of dexterous and durable revenge. In truth, the morals of the Dutch comedians were, in general, bad enough to afford foundation for the calumnies that were circulated against them. In this instance, as in many others, people ascribed to a whole class the vices which degraded the greatest part of its members; an injustice which, though common, does not less deserve to be reprobated by every impartial judge.

It was to these redenrykers, and the associations dependent on them, that the real Dutch stage owed its origin. In this new institution the actors were not obliged to be poets; in the same manner as these last had no necessity to be actors, if the two qualifications were not combined in the same person. It was at the beginning of the seventeenth century, that Samuel Coster, a member of the ancient redenrykkamer of Amsterdam, laid the ground-work of the great national theatre, the reputation of which several justly-celebrated actors have established and extended. Dr. Samuel Coster,



in spite of the excommunications which all the preachers fulminated against him, erected, in 1617, in the Keizersgragt, a theatre which was called Coster's Academy, where the pieces of those times were acted.

Among the theatrical pieces here alluded to, it is necessary to mention, in particular, those of Bredero and of Coster himself; the dramas of Brandt, a celebrated historian, and of Hooft, both a historian and a poet; and a few tragedies by John Vos, Anslo, and others. Hooft was early engaged for the theatre, for which he wrote two historical tragedies; one entitled "Bato," and the other "Gerard Van Velsen," and a comedy abounding in wit, "Warrenar met de pot," which did great honour both to the author and to the new theatre. What likewise contributed to their success was the great talents of Carelzoom Van Ziermersz, the best actor of his time in Holland.

Gerard Brandt, well known for his History of the Reformation, and his Life of the great Ruyter, distinguished himself as early as his seventeenth year as a dramatic writer; and his tragedy of Torquatus obtained universal applause. Disappointed love, however, transformed the dramatic author into a parson, and Brandt was lost to the theatre. The glazier, John Vos, likewise deserves a place among the best poets who then cultivated dramatic composition. His tragedy of Aran and Titus obtained him such reputation, that, vain of his talents, he undertook a second tragedy, Medea, in which, despising all the rules of the drama, he gave the reins entirely to his genius. In his farce of Oenone, Vos gives a most indecent description of the manners of the lowest class of the people at Amsterdam. He is likewise justly reproached with having, while he was manager, rejected the plays of other authors, or with having wilfully distributed the parts so improperly, that none but his own could possibly have any success. For the rest, notwith-

standing the horror excited by several of the scenes of his Aran and Titus, it contains passages indicative of a superior and astonishing imagination; his pictures have a kind of terrific beauty; his verses are excellent; but neither order nor regularity pervades that piece: it is a complete chaos, in which bombast, low buffoonery, and commonplace, are found among passages the most sublime.

The Ahasuerus of Schubart, and several other plays, greatly resemble in their manner that of Vos. We have nothing from the pen of Anslo but the tragedy entitled The Parisian Wedding, written in 1649: Vondel considered him an elegant poet. Bredero furnished the theatre with pieces of a superior order, and in greater number than the above-mentioned writers. Though he composed several tragedies, intermingled with comic scenes, he has no reputation but in comedy, and principally in farce. He was in the habit of frequenting the fruit markets, for the purpose of studying from nature the language, tone, and manners, of the lowest classes of the people at Amsterdam, and of representing them with the greatest accuracy in his pieces. Two are worthy of notice, one of which is in imitation of the Eunuch of Terence. The Iphigenia of Samuel Coster is his best tragedy: he likewise composed several comedies abounding in wit and humour.

But all these luminaries of the Dutch Parnassus were eclipsed by the lustre of one still more brilliant, the immortal Vondel. Joost van den Vondel, honoured with the surname of the Dutch Virgil, eclipsed all his predecessors. He was born at Cologne in 1587; but this great man was educated in Holland. Notwithstanding the efforts of John Vos to lower him in the public estimation, he gave, by the great number of his excellent tragedies, a new character to the national theatre at Amsterdam; and he is the only one of the authors that have yet been mentioned, whose plays are still acted

with applause. His first work, the *Pacha*, written in 1612, was at first acted by the *redenrykers*; all the others were composed for the theatre of Amsterdam.

His tragedy of *Palamedes* produced a great sensation in 1625. In the person of *Palamedes* he intended to represent the celebrated *Olden Barneveldt*; and he introduced very strong expressions against prince *Maurice of Orange* and the synod of *Dordrecht*. An order of arrest against him arrived at the Hague, but the magistrates of Amsterdam refused to deliver him up: he was, however, fined three hundred florins.

The pieces of this author which were the most relished in the succeeding years were, *Electra*, *Joseph at Dothan*, *Joseph at Court*, *Joseph in Egypt*, the *Brothers*, *Salmoneus*, *Phaeton*, *Jeptha*, *David Banished*, *David Restored*, *Solomon*, *Sampson*, *OEdipe*, the *Batavian Brothers*, *Lucifer*, &c. Of all his tragedies, however, *Gysbrecht van Amstel* obtained him the highest reputation, both on account of the subject, and the manner in which it was treated. It was acted for the first time in 1638, at the opening of the great theatre at Amsterdam. Notwithstanding the faults of this tragedy, and the difference of taste between the present age and *Vondel's*, it is still represented every year, towards Christmas, five or six times successively, at the theatre of Amsterdam. This is in fact a truly national piece. The author paints in the most vivid colours, and with the greatest truth, the early times of the rising grandeur of Amsterdam; and at the conclusion an angel predicts and discloses the high destinies which await it. Hence proceeds the interest, or rather the enthusiasm with which the inhabitants of Amsterdam annually go to see this tragedy. They applaud with transport their favourite hero, and at the same time celebrate the memory of their rising greatness, and that of their illustrious poet. Were this piece of *Vondel's* to be retouch-

ed, and five or six pages of long soliloquies retrenched, *Gysbrecht van Amstel* would have a better claim to the reputation it enjoys, and which it scarcely deserves in its present state. Several biographers have given an account of the life and the poverty of *Vondel*. He died in 1679, at the age of ninety-two years, and his coffin was carried by fourteen poets. In 1772, a mausoleum of marble was erected to him in the new church at Amsterdam; and the only inscription and eulogy engraved upon it was "*Vondel*."

So far we have treated only of the poets of Amsterdam, all of whom issued from the bosom of the *redenrykkamer* of that city. Amsterdam is at the present day the residence of the greatest Dutch poets, though *Rotterdam*, *Leyden*, *Middleburg*, and other places, likewise have their *Parnassus*. But public amusements and brilliant spectacles are the natural consequences of the luxury and the wealth which, as may easily be conceived, must centre in a city possessing an extensive commerce. Accordingly it is at Amsterdam that the Dutch poet finds the fairest opportunity of developing, exercising, and improving his talents. Emulation is there excited; merit is distinguished and rewarded; and there the true national spirit appears in all its energy.

Since the time of *Vondel*, Holland has had more than one poet who has obtained great reputation; but few of them can be placed in the same rank with him. *Antonides*, *Poot*, and *Feith*, who is still living, are in particular deserving of mention. But we shall confine ourselves to dramatic merit, and the degrees of perfection in this kind of composition.

*Antonides*, likewise called *Van der Goes*, from *Ter Goes*, the place of his nativity, was born in 1647, and died in 1684. His expressions are pleasing, his style easy, bold, and sublime. His master-piece is a poem on the river *Y*; but of all his dramatic works, I am acquainted only with his tragedy of *Trazila*,



or China Surprised. The celebrated poet Poot, the son of a day-labourer, did not exercise himself in dramatic composition. M. Feith, formerly a burgomaster, and a very good poet, has distinguished himself by works of considerable merit. He has raised himself above his predecessors, and even above the poets his contemporaries, by the morality which he has diffused throughout his works, by the well-supported interest of characters ably drawn, and by an easy and excellent versification. His most beautiful productions are, *Ines de Castro*, *Thyrsa*, *Lady Jane Gray*, and *Mucius Cordus*.

In his *Ines de Castro* the poet represents virtue in the most important circumstances of life, and in particular overwhelmed with the weight of unmerited misfortune. This picture possesses charms so affecting, that even persons of the least sensibility would rather share the sufferings of virtue than the victory of its adversaries.

*Thyrsa*, or the *Triumph of Religion*, demonstrates, like the *Alzire* and *Zaire* of Voltaire, the power of religion, and with what tender, energetic, and sublime sentiments it is capable of inspiring us. However interesting of itself may be to history the affecting fate of *Jane Gray*, it becomes doubly so in the splendid pictures of M. Feith. The same observation may be applied to his *Mucius Cordus*, in which the true, disinterested, and sublime sentiment of the love of country excites the higher admiration, as we so rarely witness at the present day those efforts of ancient Roman virtue. It was only by these sublime effusions that M. Feith was enabled to counteract the bad impressions which the sentimental novels of *Julia*, and *Ferdinand and Constance*, those models of bad taste, threatened to produce on the minds of his countrymen. Fortunately for the youth of Holland, this species of novels but ill accorded with the national spirit. M. Feith has likewise obtained several prizes, consisting of gold and

silver medals, by excellent dissertations on morality and religion. His æsthetic works, or on the philosophy of the fine arts, likewise possess considerable merit.

Among the other dramatic authors who have appeared since the days of Vondel, there are men of acknowledged talents and distinguished genius; but I know not whether they are to be compared to a Hooft, a Vondel, a Feith, for bold ideas and sublime imagery. At the time of Vondel, John Six, De Dekker, and Pels, produced some very good pieces. It is well known, and proves the bad taste of the times, that the latter blended with the *Death of Dido*, a tragedy in three acts, performed in 1668, a comedy likewise in three acts; the first act of the one being represented after the first act of the other, the second after the second, and the same with the third.

Focquenbroch has produced some very good and very humorous comedies, but others exceedingly frivolous. Pluimer and Verhoeck likewise distinguished themselves by several good tragedies, between the years 1680 and 1700; but Lucas Rotgans, the poet, of Amsterdam, surpassed them all. His tragedies of *Eneas* and *Turnus*, and *Sylla*, were represented with applause till the conclusion of the eighteenth century.

But it is time to introduce upon the stage the poetesses of Holland. They have so much the more claim to notice, as not any nation of Europe can boast, for the last century and a half, of so great a number of females who have immortalized their names by poetry, the sciences, and the arts. It is matter of regret that the Dutch language should be so little diffused, and that the knowledge of it should be confined within such a small compass. In Germany, and still less in England and France, the distinguished poets of Holland have never been appreciated according to their merits. The names of most of them are not even known out of their own country.

At the head of the celebrated females of Holland, must be placed the illustrious Anna Maria Schuurmann, and next to her Catherine Lescaille, a celebrated poetess, who merited the appellation of the tenth muse. This Sappho of Holland is known to have produced seven tragedies, which have hitherto constituted some of the brightest ornaments of the stage: Genseric, Wenceslaus, Herod and Mariamne, Hercules and Dejanira, Nicomedes, Ariana, and Cassandra. After the death of her father, the celebrated James Lescaille, in 1677, she continued his book-selling business, and added great value to the best works of the time by her remarks, corrections, and criticisms. She died in 1711, at the age of sixty-two years. Elizabeth Hoffman distinguished herself in Dutch and Latin poetry; but she never wrote any thing for the stage.

In later times, Wilhelmina de Winter, whose maiden name was Van Merken, and Patronilla Moens, have acquired a brilliant reputation. The latter is still living. It was she who celebrated Olden Barneveldt in her poems; and we have by her two tragedies, Jane Gray, and Dolsey and Amelia, which are looked upon as master-pieces. Wilhelmina de Winter produced several highly-esteemed theatrical pieces in conjunction with her husband, the author of the poem on the Amstel. She herself wrote two beautiful poems, Germanicus, in sixteen cantos, and David in twelve.

Madame de Winter possessed many great qualifications which are required in a dramatic poet. She had an ancient and exalted imagination; the characters of her historical pieces are perfectly drawn; she has brilliant and well-conducted scenes; her style is moving; the love of country is deeply felt, and expressed with grandeur. Few of the Dutch poets can flatter themselves with having put into the mouths of their heroes sentiments so dignified and energetic; and very few have understood so well as

she how to manage the interest, and to keep it continually increasing till the conclusion of the piece. In 1774 the new theatre of Amsterdam was opened with one of her *chef d'œuvres*, intitled Jacob Simonszoon de Ryk. The memorable services which he rendered the Dutch were justly deserving of this honourable preference. At the opening of the theatre of Rotterdam, the same year, Mary of Burgundy, another of Wilhelmina de Winter's productions, was performed. Among the other works of this woman of genius are likewise mentioned the Siege of Leyden, and Monzengo, or the Royal Slave. The latter is still frequently acted. Madame de Winter died on the 19th of October, 1789. The Dutch did not fail on this occasion to exhibit one of those traits which do the greatest honour to their character, that is, their zeal to do honour to extraordinary talents even after death. The Poetical Society of Leyden, celebrated for its encouragement of poetry and literature in general, erected a mausoleum in the old church at Amsterdam to the memory of this extraordinary woman. Winkles furnished the plan, and the execution cost three thousand florins.

The dramatic poets who have shone since the days of Vondel and Pels are too numerous to give a complete list only of the best. It is impossible, however, to forbear mentioning Focquenbroch and Lucas Pater, excellent comic poets; Claus Bruyn, surnamed the poet of manners, the author of seven tragedies, and several pieces taken from the Scripture (he died in 1732); John de la Marre, known for his poem of Batavia, in which he describes the East Indies, and his tragedy of Jaqueline of Bavaria. Onderwater, the son of a labourer, a self-taught genius, likewise deserves to be mentioned. His Last Judgment gained him great credit. Romoz, a very good poet, published various original pieces and translations. In 1794 his *Duchess of Corali* was acted. The theatre of



Amsterdam is also indebted for operas and translations to the celebrated composer Ruloffs. Several living poets do honour to Holland: but I shall mention only such as are distinguished by genuine dramatic talents, by their good taste, and the purity of their style.

A. L. Barbasz, known by his fables, has enriched the stage with several translations of the tragedies of Voltaire and Laharpe. Among other translations, Uyenbroek has given one of *Merope*. He likewise tried his powers in an original drama in five acts, *The Unhappy Family*; but he appears to have determined not to submit to the rules of the three unities; the interest is too much divided for the piece to have much. Pypers, who composed the tragedy of *St. Stephen the First Martyr*, has also succeeded in some other performances. J. Kinker, Haverkoorn, Willemszoon, and Loots, are held in high estimation. The latter is advantageously known for his poems on *The Peace* and the *New Century*. H. E. Streek has written for the stage, and has translated the "*Homme de Champs*" of M. Delille.

For the rest, the Dutch poets of the present day may be reproached with endeavouring to shine rather in translations than in original performances. They are the more inexcusable, as the history of their own country furnishes abundance of facts and of great characters which they might successfully introduce upon the stage. It is to be feared, that translations will in the end cause original works to disappear entirely. It is remarkable, that in 1727, there existed in Holland more than thirty poetical societies, which had produced 1246 tragedies or comedies in the Dutch language; but since that period the translations are to original pieces in the proportion of ten to one; and the difference grows still greater since the dramatic works of Schiller, Iffland, and Kotzebue have become known. More than fifty-seven plays by the latter are already translated; so are almost all those of Zeigler

and Hagemann. Kotzebue's comedies are the more successful, as the resemblance of the two languages permits the humorous sallies of that author to be preserved.

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of mentioning a very remarkable Dutch poet, who is still living. His poetic and dramatic fervor was not excited till an age in which the fire of others has been long extinguished. At eighty-one, M. Straalman, formerly a burgomaster of Amsterdam, translated into verse the *Orestes* of Voltaire, which was acted at Amsterdam in 1803. The united efforts of the actors caused the audience to forget that the poet no longer possessed the ardour of early youth, and that his verses were frequently deficient in correctness and energy. The old man, whose enthusiasm made him young again, liberally rewarded the actors. The manner in which he employs the leisure moments of the evening of life cannot but be commended, and in this instance any criticism would be beneath criticism.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ACCOUNT OF THE CHARACTER  
AND MANNERS OF THE INHABITANTS OF BATAVIA.

[*Extracted from the Letter of a German officer residing there.*]

PEOPLE in Europe entertain in general very strange and very erroneous notions of the East Indies. They seem to think that money may be picked up in the highways, and that all the shores are strewed with pearls and diamonds. But they are greatly mistaken; for, alas! a man must earn his bread here by the sweat of his brow, according to the original curse, as well as in Europe. The East Indies have long ceased to be to adventurers what they formerly were. As we are told by divines that every thing in the moral world grows continually worse, I can as-

sure them that it does so in the mercantile world, at least in this part of it. There are but two ways of making a fortune here—either by a very lucrative office or by commerce, or by both together;—and each is attended with numerous difficulties. Among a thousand who come hither, scarcely fifty live; and of these fifty not more than five or six make their fortunes.

But what is the case, it may, perhaps, be asked, with military persons? The state of the military here in Asia is very different from what it is in Europe. In Europe a military man does not serve merely for the sake of pay: he hopes in time to be advanced; whereas, here, the principal thing attended to is money; and it is indifferent whether it be gained under the title of an ensign or a colonel. He that has money, let him be whom or what he may, is sure to be treated with respect. In this part of the world things are entirely otherwise from what they are with you. Many an ensign who has only the command of a single post would not change his station with any captain in Batavia. A captain's pay is here about four thousand florins (four hundred pounds sterling) a year; but this bears no proportion to the expence he must be at on account of his rank. He must unavoidably keep a carriage, which will not cost him less than fifteen hundred florins; besides which he must have a numerous retinue of slaves, and every other part of his establishment must be in a suitable style. An ensign is already ashamed of walking on foot, notwithstanding all kinds of conveyance are in this place most extravagantly dear. The hire of a chariot for half a day is five, and for a whole day ten, florins. This expence, indeed, may be avoided by him who has good friends and patrons who keep equipages. An ensign here receives about forty-two rix-dollars per month: on which, however, a person cannot subsist at Batavia, if he is desirous to take care of his health, which requires

that he should every day drink a bottle of wine and some beer; for to drink water alone is extremely unwholesome, though one may do with wine and water mixed. As beer is not brewed and the vine does not grow here, the price of both is very high. The quart of wine costs at least sixteen stivers, and the quart of beer the same. A bad uniform, without either scarf or gorget, such as the officers wear upon guard, costs at least a hundred and fifty rix-dollars. An officer, except when on duty, is ashamed to appear in a simple uniform: on other occasions nothing but silk clothes are worn, and these embroidered all over with gold or silver. In Germany an officer may live frugally in retirement, and without attracting notice: but he cannot do so here; for if he attempts it he must submit to be accounted a man devoid of either ambition or spirit, and one who is supported by insignificant patronage; in which case he may remain in the place he has obtained, but must never expect to make his fortune.

In what manner, then, must an officer act, in order to make a becoming figure; and how can a foreigner, like me, without adequate means contrive to maintain himself? I will tell you. People here are not so simple but that they know that nobody who has money in plenty goes to the East Indies. Who would undertake a voyage so long and dangerous in order to live in such a scorching and unwholesome place as Batavia is—of which I shall presently give you a further account—unless impelled by necessity? Yet such as conduct themselves well, and are well recommended, find themselves here very much at their ease. When a young man has been once introduced, he is soon invited to the tables of all the principal persons in Batavia. So great is their hospitality, that it is almost impossible to decline any invitation. Though I have only been here a very short time, I am already at home in several houses. I sit down every day



to a plentiful table noon and evening, drink a cheerful glass of wine and beer, and thus am entertained in a manner which the preservation of my health requires, without any expence. It is always at my own choice with whom I will dine or sup; and have nothing further to do than to send word in the morning that they may send the carriage for me, which will likewise bring me home. Were I to remain in Batavia, therefore, I could subsist extremely well; but then I should lay by nothing, and could not obtain any permanent advantage. My first endeavour will then be to get some kind of a situation in which I may wait an opportunity of procuring another more profitable.

The climate of Batavia, however, is so unwholesome, that I fear I must seek a situation elsewhere, though it will be at no great distance from it; for in most parts of the vicinity, and in several of the other islands of Java, the air is very healthy. In the town itself it is not uncommon, after having dined with a friend, and left him cheerful and hearty, on calling at his house three days afterwards, to learn that he was buried that morning. Such events happen here continually. It even makes a considerable difference in what quarter of the town a person resides. That in which I lodge is esteemed one of the most healthy. Scarcely one of a thousand who comes hither escapes for any length of time some mortal disease; and whoever does not take freely his wine every day, must die, though his constitution were strong as iron. Of the officers who are here from one end of the year to the other, at least the half are sick; and it cannot be accounted extraordinary should thirty die within the twelvemonth, so that promotion is very rapid. At Batavia a man must follow the same diet when he is well, that he does in Europe when he is sick, or he will not last long. He must be careful that the sun does not shine upon him by day, nor the moon by night. My landlord, who

has now been seven years in Batavia, and in these seven years has scarcely been six months in perfect health, assures me that he becomes immediately faint if the moon does but shine on him, however little. Nobody, therefore, stirs out by moonlight, without taking a slave with him to carry a *parasol* over his head. It is the same with the heats of the sun from ten in the morning till three in the afternoon. These must be carefully shunned, the sun-beams being extremely fierce and penetrating. There are many other things which must be cautiously observed, in order to maintain health.

For several days I have not been able to write a line, on account of the number of visits I have had to pay, which consume both morning and evening. The mode of life here is very different from what it is in Europe. I will briefly describe it. People rise at break of day: and the day and night are here equal, or nearly so. It is commonly near six o'clock before it is quite day, but by five they are already up; at which time they commonly dress, drink coffee, and smoke a pipe of tobacco. Whoever has business to do enters upon it about six, and whoever has visits to make begins them about the same time; and this is the best time of speaking with any one, even the governor-general. About nine nobody is any longer seen in the streets, unless his business is very urgent: as then the heat is become very violent. Until noon every person retires to that part of the house, or before the door, where it is coolest. Precisely at twelve o'clock dinner is served up; at which they do not sit longer than an hour, or at most an hour and a half. After dinner they take another pipe of tobacco, and a glass or two of wine or beer; after which every one wishes the rest a good nap, and each retires to rest as regularly as at night. This lasts till after four or five, and during this time no person in all Batavia is to be spoken with. From five to six

is passed in drinking tea; after which they proceed again to business, or go into company till nine. At nine they sit down to supper, which is always as substantial a meal as that at noon. Thus they pass day after day throughout the year, and in this manner every person who wishes to preserve his health must live. To indulge in the excesses too usual in Europe would soon make an end of life.

Would to heaven it were not so dreadfully hot! Day nor night I have not a dry thread about me, though I sleep with nothing on but my shirt, and have no bed-clothes over me. I often anxiously exclaim—Oh! when will winter come! without reflecting that there is here no winter. What is called winter is only a continual rain for three or four months; notwithstanding which it is still very warm, and when the sun shines after the rain it is hotter than in summer. The greatest number of deaths happen in what is called the winter season, the rainy weather being particularly noxious and unhealthy.

What a decided superiority does the greater part, at least, of Europe enjoy above the other three parts of the world with respect to climate and health! Hence it is that scarcely any person comes from Europe to take up his residence here, except for the purpose of making a fortune, which he means to return with and enjoy. Had heaven prospered my endeavours in this way to my wish, I would cheerfully again commit myself for some months to the rage of the merciless seas. The accumulation of a competent fortune is not, however, so speedily effected as is imagined in Europe. Beginnings are always difficult every where, and so they are here, especially in the military stations, except it be war-time, or, as I observed before, a man has a post alone as commandant, and this he must obtain, as opportunity may present itself, by means of a patron: for so many are recommended from the Hague to the governor-general,

that it is impossible for him to encourage all alike.

The method of proceeding by those who go as commanders from Holland to India, is as follows: About thirty ships go out annually from Holland to India, each of which has on board a commander. Such of these commanders as have recommendations—of whom I was one—are placed as officers, first in Batavia, or on the isle of Ceylon, or on Java, or on some other island where there happens to be a vacancy. Till then he remains exempt from service. When an out-post becomes vacant, and a person has the interest which I have, he may easily obtain it. It is not long since one of these out-posts was given to a person who had not been here above a year. It is by no means improbable that I might have obtained it, if I had come out somewhat sooner. I have a patron of very considerable influence in mynheer Sabaudar Reyest; for he is in great favour with his high-nobleness, which is the title given to the governor-general, Vander Parra. The members of the council of India are styled noble lords. Every one else is only called mynheer: which extends even to the officers. It is not the custom to say mynheer hauptman (captain); mynheer lieutenant; but simply mynheer. The title of the governor-general's lady is *meffrouw generalife*; of a counsellor's lady, *meffrouw*; and all other ladies are called *juffrouws*, whether they be married or not. The epithets *gracious*, *your grace*, &c. are unknown both in Holland and in India; and the governor-general, as well as his lady, would be not a little offended, and esteem it as a gross flattery, to be addressed by the titles of *grace* and *gracious*; but those which correspond to goodness and kindness are readily admitted.

You perceive that I vary my subjects, and write of them as they happen to occur to me. You will pardon any want of method; for the weather is so intolerably hot,



that nothing like labour can be endured. I must write perfectly at my ease, or not at all. Batavia is a very grand town, and strongly fortified. I doubt whether there is a town in Europe composed of such magnificent houses, arranged with equal regularity. Yet the splendor of their external appearance is not to be compared to that displayed within them. The rich and costly furniture, which in Europe is only to be seen in royal and princely mansions, is here found in the houses of all persons of rank. Every thing glitters with gold and silver.

An ensign, who, about a week ago, married an Indian girl, assured me that the expences of the wedding amounted at the least to five thousand rix-dollars; and the furniture, slaves, and other appendages, without reckoning the house, stood him in upwards of twenty thousand rix-dollars: yet he is only an ensign. It indeed requires some degree of courage to marry an Indian girl: for, in the first place, you must be contented to fix your abode in this country; secondly, these ladies have not the slightest tincture of education or any kind of learning, so that you are not to expect any thing like a companion in them; thirdly, they are addicted to a custom which I cannot at any rate endure—they are constantly chewing, from morning to night, a kind of root called here *pinang*, which yields a red juice, that is continually flowing down from the corners of their mouths; and this, to a European, is extremely disgusting. From this habit it is as impossible to wean them, as it is to prevail upon me to lay aside the use of tobacco. They speak but little Dutch, and scarcely any other language than Malayan. They are strange creatures, and their dress and behaviour are stranger still.

The place, indeed, abounds with human curiosities. Here are a great variety of natives of different nations, especially Chinese. I have even a Chinese for my barber. He

shaves extremely well, and makes a thousand grimaces, and throws himself into numberless fantastic attitudes while he is performing the operation; but I do not understand a word he says. It is the same with all the slaves who wait on me. I am obliged to make myself understood as well as I can by gestures and signs, or get my landlord to act as interpreter for me.

Yesterday evening I partook of a kind of amusement which I have never known any where practised in so complete a manner as at Batavia. I was invited to supper by Mr. G——, a native of Z——, who has married the daughter of the late brigadier Faber, to whom, as I mentioned to you before, I was strongly recommended by mynheer Van Preke. About eleven o'clock, when we were on the point of separating, Mr. G—— proposed to the company, which consisted of about fifty persons, to make a little excursion. This was immediately assented to by all present, and in less than half an hour there were not fewer than thirty chariots before the door; for coaches are not used here, being found inconvenient. Each chariot was attended by two slaves carrying lighted torches, rendering the street as light as if it had been broad day. Three bands of music—the performers likewise all slaves, one band going before, another in the middle, and the third behind—serenaded us as we proceeded. Two slaves likewise accompanied each chariot, to present wine and various kinds of refreshments to the persons in it. In this manner we proceeded, at a slow pace, to the town, between rows of trees on either side. This expedition lasted two hours, at the end of which the carriages conveyed us all to our respective homes. This little after-piece cost our landlord at least a hundred and fifty dollars; but this sum is thought nothing of at Batavia, by persons who, like this gentleman, enjoy lucrative posts. Upon those who are rich money flows in on every side; but begin-

ners must encounter many difficulties and work hard.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

DESULTORY OBSERVATIONS ON  
THE SENSIBILITIES AND EC-  
CENTRICITIES OF MEN OF  
GENIUS: WITH REMARKS ON  
POETS.

THE herd of servile imitators bring every thing into disgrace by affectation and excess. In those departments of literature which require genius, this is more particularly the case. For a little while the tinsel copier becomes the rage of the public, till the glare of his colours satiates; and then, as the tide suddenly turns, the just fame of the original is drawn back into the vortex, and is sunk in one common ruin. On these occasions, every yelping cur joins in echoing the cry of contempt, and some new whim engages the temporary curiosity of the mob.

There was a time when Rousseau was the idol of the admirers of genius, and all his weaknesses and extravagances were respected as the necessary concomitants of his extraordinary powers. Immediately there arose multitudes of absurd followers, who, having at length corrupted the judgments of their indiscriminate readers, brought neglect and condemnation upon their original. For some years, therefore, we have heard the mob, the learned as well as the unlearned mob, talk in terms of uniform contempt and anger of what they are pleased to call "the morbid sensibilities of sickly genius." Were this disapprobation confined to pretended feelings, of which the discovery requires a very small share of sagaciousness, it would be just: but it seems as if they meant to put their mark of scorn on every eccentricity of him who lives in that high temperament, in which alone works of genius can be produced.

Can we believe that Burns would have possessed the powers to produce his exquisite poem of "Tam O'Shanter," without having often trembled at some of those images, which the expansive blaze of his genius has there painted? Without a continued familiarity with all those hurried and impetuous feelings, which brought him to a premature grave, could he have written those enchanting songs, which breathe so high a tone of fancy and passion? In the cold regions of worldly prudence, in the selfish habitations of dull propriety, may be found riches and health, and long life, and an insipid respect: but if he who is born with the higher talents long accustoms himself to the discipline of such habits, the splendour of his imagination will become impenetrably huddled up in the fogs of this heavy atmosphere, and he will scarce be able to produce higher efforts of intellect than one "of Nature's fools."

When Beattie gave up his ambition to metaphysical philosophy, he ceased to be a poet. The lyre of Edwin, which had breathed all the soul of poetry in his first canto, began to flag and grow dull in the second; and then lost its tones, and never vibrated for the last thirty years of the owner's life. I certainly am too prejudiced to give a candid opinion; but I would have preferred a few more stanzas, in the style of the first, from the minstrel's harp, to all the bulky volumes of prose that Beattie wrote.

How delightful to have left a perpetual memorial of some of those "ten thousand glorious visions," which are always floating across the brain of the highly endowed! But for those, who possess the ability, to go to the grave without having preserved a relic of them; to have suffered them to have passed "like the fleeting clouds," without one attempt to leave a memorial of the aspirations of a more exalted nature, is a mortifying reflection, which must depress true genius even to despondence. He, in whom Na-



ture has sowed the energies of vigorous intellect, may be thrown into stations where there is nothing to fan the flames within him; in that case it is probable he may never discover any qualities above the herd of mankind: but an internal restlessness and discontent will prey upon his spirits and embitter his life.

There are no writer's criticisms so calculated to stifle the habits and the efforts of genius as those of Johnson. The cause of this is to be sought partly in the *truly* "morbid" propensities of his temper, and partly in the history of his life. I suspect that in the early resolution

"Nullius jurare in verba magistri,"

he soon sought originality at the expence of truth. His love of contradiction, therefore, became a disease, and finding, in preceding biographers, too much inclination to panegyricize the subjects of their memoirs, and to contemplate them with a blind admiration, he determined to show the powers of his anatomizing pen, and to tear off the veil of respect that covered them. Thus he was pleased to seize every opportunity of exhibiting their personal frailties, and mental defects; and of treating them sometimes with anger, and sometimes with haughtiness. But there was another circumstance which had a tendency to warp the justice of his sincere opinions. Early in life he had probably discovered the inclination of his own imagination to predominate dangerously over his reason. On this account he used every exertion to subdue it; to reduce it to the severest trammels of argumentation, and the most sober paths of mental employment. Hence he acquired a habit of preferring the lower departments of the muse; he best liked reasoning in verse; dry ethical couplets; and practical observations upon daily life. His private feelings hesitated between Dryden and Pope; and all the praise he has given to Milton, or Cowley, or Akenside, or Collins, or Gray, is extorted, penu-

rious, and mixed with every degrading touch that the ingenuity of his acute mind, and force of his energetic language could introduce.

The public received these disingenuous lives with ill-tempered avidity. They who had never known what it was to be warmed by the flights of fancy; in whose torpid heads the description of Eden, the wailings over Lycidas, and all the imagery of Comus never raised one corresponding idea, but who concealed their lamentable deficiencies of mind before the awful name of Milton; now that they were sanctioned by Johnson, boldly gloried in their want of taste. All the gall which they had so long been nourishing in their hearts was now vomited forth without restraint, and the cry, which dulness had always secretly disseminated against the aberrations of genius, was avowed as the acknowledged dictate of sense and truth.

Johnson is a proof, among a thousand glaring proofs, how little the wisest men "know themselves;" and how often they pride themselves on points in which they are strikingly deficient. His great boast seems to have been his attention to

"That which before us lies in daily life."

Yet did ever any man more offend the proprieties of daily life than Johnson? His unhappy and neglected person, his uncouth dress, his rude manners, and his irregular habits, required the full eminence of his fame, and force of his talents, to counterbalance their offensiveness. Yet probably he would have exclaimed

"Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis!"

He seems to have thought that he himself required no such set-offs. And, if we judge him by the rules by which he judged others, such set-offs ought not to have availed.

But I trust that I shall never judge by rules so harsh, and, in my opinion,

so unwise. I regret the depravity of Johnson's taste, and I lament that excess of envy and pride, the unconquerable disease of his disposition, which, in spite of all his efforts, too frequently overpowered his reason. But I venerate his vast abilities, the strong and original operations of his mind, his force of ratiocination, and his luminous and impressive language. I venerate also the mingled goodness of his heart, his melting charity, his exalted principles, his enlarged moral notions, and the many sublime virtues of his mixed and unhappy life. But this is not all: according to the sentiments I have expressed, I necessarily go even further. To me it appears that some of his most offensive eccentricities were strongly connected with his most prominent excellencies.

To the constant abstraction of his mind, to the perpetual occupation of thinking, we must surely attribute much of the neglect of his person, much of his inattention to polished manners and the etiquette of the world, and much of his irregular mode of life. But to this also is certainly attributable the clearness and arrangement of his ideas, the readiness of his thoughts upon every subject that was presented to him, and the perspicuity and happiness of his style.

Let us hear no more reflections, then, on the "morbid" sensibility of the votaries of fancy. He whose feelings are not acute, sometimes even to disease, can never touch the true chords of the lyre. To be in constant terror of exceeding the cold bounds of propriety, to be perpetually on the watch against any transient extravagance of mind, is not to be a poet. It is true that eccentricity alone does not constitute genius; and he who is known only by its foibles, unaccompanied by its advantages, deserves little mercy. And little can he expect to meet with it, if he recollects that, in the censorious eye of the world, even the happiest attainments of mental excellence will make but little amends

for the smallest deviations from prudence of conduct.

That chilling philosophy which demands the reconciliation of qualities nearly incompatible, has always appeared to me far from true wisdom. We may lament, but we should attempt to soothe and treat leniently, the little ebullitions of that fire, which at other times is exerted to enlighten and charm us. We should pity rather than despise the occasional lamentations from the pain of the thorn, which is too often at the breast of those who delight us by their songs.

In thus venturing opinions so uncongenial with those of the great as well as little vulgar, I am aware of the extent to which I expose myself. The selfish worldling, the interested parent, the struggler in the paths of ordinary ambition, the stupid, the sterile-hearted, the sensual, all will exclaim, "If such be the effects of poetry, heaven defend me and all my connections from being poets!" Poor wretches! they need not fear: poets, they may rest assured, are not made out of such materials!

B.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

FRENCH THEATRES.

THE number of theatres in France amounts to one hundred and sixty-six, in one hundred and twenty-nine cities of the French empire.

Paris contains	-	-	18
Bordeaux	-	-	4
Lyons	-	-	2
Marseilles	-	-	3
Brussels	-	-	3
Ghent	-	-	2
Rouen	-	-	2
Turin	-	-	3

The number of performers attached to the

Opera in Paris amounts to	366
Theatre Français	- 174
Comic opera	- 188



Empress's theatre	-	174
Vaudeville	-	82

These, with the other theatres of Paris, amount to 1388; and, supposing that the 166 theatres have 20 persons each, they amount to the trifling number of 3968 theatrical artists.

From the above list we may form some idea whence proceeds the gay and lively disposition of the French nation. There is no doubt but the stage has a very material effect in the improvement of all ranks in their address and manner; there is no place where better lessons could be received than from a pure moral stage. The stage is a school, where we often see what has been represented in real life, and what is daily going on, particularly as to intrigue and deception, and where very good lessons are given to avoid or execute.

M.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

### THE MELANGE.

NO. IV.

I THINK Gibbon has said he would not exchange his love of reading for all the riches of the east. The sentiment is not only noble, but just. What pleasure is so pure, so cheap, so constant, so independent, so worthy a rational being? But we cannot mingle much with mankind, without meeting, among a large proportion of those with whom we are conversant, an opinion, expressed or implied, that books are, for the most part, a useless incumbrance upon our time and our faculties. They value nothing which does not increase what they call practical wisdom, and which does not tend to advance them in life, by rendering them expert in the common affairs of daily occurrence.

It must be admitted that books, more especially with those who are much occupied by them, seldom pro-

duce these effects. They rather abstract the mind, and absorb those minute attentions to surrounding trifles, which are momentarily necessary for one who would obtain the credit of the mob, for possessing what they are pleased to denominate "good common sense."

There have been various definitions of common sense. It appears to me to mean nothing more than an uneducated judgment, arising from a plain and coarse understanding, exercised upon common concerns, and rendered effective rather by experience, than by any regular process of the intellectual powers. If this be the proper meaning of that quality, we cannot wonder that books are little fitted for its cultivation. Nor is the deficiency at all discreditable to them.

The persons who thus censure them, have but very superficially estimated the capacities or the purposes of our mental endowments. They little conceive the complicated duties of society, and the indescribable variety of stations for which the human faculties require to be adapted. If the most numerous portion of mankind are only called on to move in a narrow circle, and to perform their limited part with (what I shall venture to call) a selfish propriety, there are others, to whom higher tasks are assigned; whose lot it is to teach rather than to act; and to contribute to that acuteness, enlargement, and elevation of intellect, by which morals and legislation are improved, and the manners and habits of a people refined and exalted.

It will surely be unnecessary to use any arguments in favour of a truth so obvious, as that these purposes must be principally effected by books. In books, the powers of the mind are carried farthest, and exhibited to most advantage. How indigested, how tautologous, how imperfect, but above all how fugitive, is oral information! The same luminous arrangement, the same rejection of superfluities, the same cohesion of parts, nay the same

depth of thought, the same extent of comprehension, and richness and perspicuity of detail, is impossible.

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*Collins.*

Nothing seems more unaccountable than the caprice of public taste. The poems of Collins, of which such numerous impressions, in every splendid as well as every cheap form, have lately found a sale, were received with such coldness on their first publication, that the unhappy and disappointed author, in a fit of disgust and indignation, burned the greater part of the copies with his own hand. Yet this was the man, of the felicity of whose genius Langhorne speaks as approaching to inspiration, in a passage to which Mr. Roscoe has lately given a sanction, by citing it in his preface to the *Life of Leo X.*

In what strange torpor were the fancy, the feelings, and the taste of the nation buried, when they could receive with indifference the *Ode on the Passions*, and the *Odes to Fear and to Evening*! But these, perhaps, are too abstract for the multitude, who cannot admire them till long-established authority supersedes their own judgments. So it was even with Milton, whose early compositions, the *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, the very essence of poetry, were little noticed by his cotemporaries, while the vile doggerel of such wretched rhymers as Cleveland and Brome, and others of the same stamp, was universally praised and admired.

Collins is a proof that he who gives up the reins to his fancy may act injuriously to his own happiness; but who can deny that he stands the best chance of attaining the mantle of a poet? "To repose by Elysian waterfalls," and range beyond the dull scenes of reality, may render the sensations too acute for intercourse with the rude manners of the world, and too much enervate the heart, which is doomed to encounter difficulties, neglect, and calumny. But in what other temperament can

the productions of genius be formed? Can the dull reasoner, the ready wit, the happy adept in familiar manners, the quick observer of what is ridiculous in daily life, be qualified to rise to those "strains of a higher tone," which only deserve the name of poetry?

I have heard that genuine poetry is calculated for universal taste; an opinion which Johnson seemed to have entertained. The idea appears to me strangely erroneous. The seeds of taste must be sown by Nature; but they will never arrive at maturity without high cultivation. Such is the case in all the arts: carry a person of uncultivated mind successively into rooms where are exhibited the worst daubs of modern painters, and the finest ancient specimens of the art; and he will uniformly prefer the unchaste glare of the former. So it is with the untutored taste in poetry. And as the Flemish school of pictures is always the favourite with the mob, so are *Hudibras* and *Swift* more congenial to them than *Spenser*, and *Milton*, and *Collins*.

But there are those, whose original lowness of spirit, no education, no birth, or acquirements, or rank can elevate. Lord Chesterfield said that when he read *Milton*, he always took snuff; and, while he recommended to his son the vulgar points of *Martial*, he condemned the touching simplicity of the Greek epigrams to his supreme contempt. On a mind so constituted it is unnecessary to remark. A better style of poetry has now received the countenance of the public; and as long as *Cowper*, and *Burns*, and *Beattie* receive the public applause, genius will not be without "the fostering dew of praise."

—  
*La Fontaine.*

Every person is acquainted with the absence of mind peculiar to *M. de Brunens*. *Fontaine* was subject to as extraordinary aberrations. He once attended the funeral of a



friend, and the very next day he called upon him as if he had been living.

—  
*Jealousy.*

A jealous man is a melancholy he-cat—a wild man—a staring man; looks behind him as if a kennel of hounds had him in chace. He sighs, beats his breast, and wrings his hands. Is his wife fair? though ever so honest, she is false. Is she witty? then she is wanton. Speaks any friend to her? he woos her. Smiles she on him? there is a promise. Is she merry at home? it is but to mock him. Is she sad? she will anon be merry abroad. Is she gone far from home? then his head aches, and his breast pants. Stays she out long? then he is horn-mad, and runs bellowing like a bull, up and down to find her.

His body grows lean with fretting—his face pale with his fears. His goods melt away by his carelessness. Old age claps him on the shoulder, while he is yet young; and his head grows white, before it is old. His children he will not love, because he suspects they are bastards. He is never merry at heart, never sleeps soundly; never sits, but sighs; never walks, but is distracted; and dies in despair, to leave her to any other.

—  
A Venetian asked a Frenchman, in a railing tone of voice, what was the origin of the salique law, which his nation held so much in awe. "It was found," replied the other very coolly, "on the back of that same charter which gave to the Venetians the dominion of the Adriatic."

—  
*Love.*

Call it not love with sudden warmth  
to glow,  
And pine, enamour'd of a wanton's  
brow;

VOL. VII. NO. XLIII.

But if with sense and modesty alone  
Some maid for want of beauty shall  
atone,

From her if Cupid aim an arrow sure,  
Feed the soft flame, and own the pas-  
sion pure:

This, this is love—mere beauty lights  
her fire

In all alike, and bids the world admire.

—  
*Literary Disputes.*

I scarce know any thing so ridiculous as a literary dispute: each party is perfectly convinced that he is in the right, and attacks the other with arguments which seem unanswerable and irresistible to himself, but for the same reason have no effect upon his antagonist; for both are so far from weighing the allegations that make against themselves, that they do not attend enough to them to know their purport: thus each combatant attacks the very place that is covered by prejudice with impenetrable armour, and is therefore invulnerable: each wears himself with striking, and each is astonished that his blow is not felt. "The blockhead," says he, "is as insensible as a stone: you may as well beat a stockfish, or make passes against a brick wall."

—  
"What path of life would you pursue?" said Poseidippus, morose, and out of humour with his condition. "In public you are perplexed with business and contention: at home you are tired with cares: in the country you are fatigued with labour: at sea you are exposed to danger: in a foreign land, if rich, you are fearful; if poor, neglected. Have you a wife? expect sorrow. Unmarried? your life is irksome: children will make you anxious: childless, your life is lonely: youth is foolish, and grey hairs feeble. Upon the whole, the wise man would chuse either not to have existed, or to have died the moment of his birth." "Chuse any path of life," replies the cheerful Metrodorus: "in the forum are profits, and wise debates: at home, relaxation: in the country, the bounty

of nature: the sea-faring life is gainful: in a foreign land, if wealthy, you are respected; if poor, nobody knows it. Are you married? your house is cheerful. Unmarried? you live without care. Children afford delight: childless you have no sorrow: youth is vigorous; and old age venerable. The wise man, therefore, would not chuse but to have existed."

It is a ludicrous kind of thought, yet certainly a true one, that poets and painters have hitherto given us a false representation of Time, as the measure of duration, by drawing him an old man; they should paint him middle-aged; for if he *has* always existed, *will* he not always exist? and is not every point of duration, however distant from the present, equally the *middle* of eternity?

For the Literary Magazine.

#### ENGLISH SYNONYMY.

##### Arbour, Bower.

BOTH these words are at present applied to shady nooks formed by interwoven boughs; but arbour suggests the idea of a natural recess, and bower of an artificial inclosure; arbour of what is branchy overhead, bower of what is laterally bounded. We fly to an arbour for shelter against the shower, and to a bower for shelter against the wind.

This has naturally resulted from the derivation of the words. In arbour, the presence of a tree is implied: bower originally meant a rounded apartment in a house; hence a formal room-like structure is expected.

##### Bush, Tree, Shrub.

A bush differs from a tree in that its branchiness begins at the very root; whereas a tree rises on a sin-

gle stem. The same plant, according to its form or growth, may be a bush or a tree. The hawthorn, which commonly forms a bush, may be educated into a beautiful tree. The willow, which naturally grows forth into a tree, may be profitably cultivated as a bush. Shrub, like bush, is a denomination of under-wood. Bush respects the accidental, shrub the habitual, form of growth. Whatever sprouts with many stems, whether a beech or an oak, is a bush; whatever grows up usually in the form a bush, as the laurel and the rose, is a shrub.

Bush is etymologically connected with *bauschen*, to tie up in faggots; tree with *true*, which means straight; and shrub with *shremman*, to impede.

##### Bow, Branch, Twig, Sprig or Spray.

Bough, being derived from *bogan*, to bend, is one of those portions of the stem which bends sideways, an arm of a tree.

Branch being derived from *bræncke*, paw, is one of the finger-like subdivisions of a bough.

Twig, being derived from *two* (as *zweig* from *zwey*), properly means one of those side-branches which shoot in couples.

Sprig, spray, or rather spreay, are various spellings of the same word, which is etymologically connected with *to spread*, to sprit, and to sprout; they describe the expanding extremities of a twig.

'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,

And see the boughs with happy burdens bend. POPE.

Tall as the cedar of the mountain, here  
Rose the gold branches, hung with  
emerald leaves,

Blossom'd with pearls, and rich with  
ruby fruit. SOUTHEY.

Within the living wound  
Inclose the foster twig, around which  
spread

The binding clay. PHILIPS.



The wind that whistles through the  
spreys. DRYDEN.

Our chilly climate hardly bears  
A sprig of bays in fifty years. SWIFT.

A denuded stalk is not called a  
sprey; a crooked sprout is not called  
a twig; a leading shoot is not  
called a branch; an upright stem  
is not called a bough.

### *Heavy, Weighty.*

Heavy, being derived from *to heave*, to lift with labour, signifies hard to be lifted; whereas weighty means having specific gravity.

A poke of bran may be heavy without being weighty; a bag of money may be weighty without being heavy; a sack of coals is likely to be both heavy and weighty.

In metaphor these words preserve the same relation. An inconvenient burden is termed heavy; an important burden is termed weighty:

"A sickly family is a heavy drawback upon a man's comfort."

"A conspicuous official situation is a weighty undertaking."

"A light wife makes a heavy husband."

"His agents speak weightily and sententiously."

### *Ditch, Trench, Cut, Drain, Channel.*

Hollow length is an idea common to all these words. Where the earth dug from the hollow is thrown up beside it, we usually call it a ditch; where the earth is spread on each side so as to leave no heap, we call it a trench; where the hollow is continued athwart a whole isthmus, we call it a cut; where its object is to lay the land dry, we call it a drain; inasmuch as it affords passage to water, we call it a channel.

Ditch, being derived from *to dig*, is naturally used where that operation is obvious. Trench, from *trancher*, to slit, is applicable to a furrow cut by the plough. Cut is a section; it implies continuity to the boundary.

Drain (*lachryma*) defines the use, to draw off water. Channel comes from *canna*, a tube, and therefore suggests the idea of perviousness.

### *To Lessen, to Diminish, to Decrease.*

The Saxon adjective *less*, and the Latin adjective *minus*, signify small: from the one is formed the verb to lessen, and from the other, to diminish, which both mean, when active, to make smaller, and, when neuter, to become smaller.

These words are identical in their proper and in their metaphorical sense, and are an instance of idle copiousness in the English language.

"Lessen your garden. Lessen your expences."

"Diminish your park. Diminish your outgoings."

"An object seemingly lessens in proportion to the distance we recede."

"An object seemingly diminishes in proportion to the distance we recede."

"A mean action lessens us in the sight of men."

"Impiously they thought  
Thee to diminish."

"The religious spirit has lessened on the continent."

"A diminishing reputation."

To increase means to grow, and to decrease means to ungrow: the accessory ideas of graduality and of change from internal causes are associated with the term.

"The river is decreasing."—  
"Health decreases; troubles increase." "See thy decrease, and hasten to thy tomb."

The use of this word as a verb active, is not thoroughly defensible: yet Prior says,

Nor cherish'd they relations poor,  
That might decrease their present store.

### *Dealing, Trade, Merchantry, Commerce, Traffic.*

These words are used with so little precision, that one must rather inquire what ought to be, than what is, their respective employment.

Deal means part. A deal is part of a fir-tree. A deal at cards is a partition of the cards. Dealing is subdivision. Collateral words are the German *theil*, part, and *theilen*, to part. A dealer therefore is he who subdivides what he purchases, who tells out anew his commodities. Dealing is retail. A wholesale-dealer, though a common expression, is a contradiction in terms: a retail-dealer, though a common expression, is a pleonasm.

Trade (*tratta*, draught) implies drawing from the source. He who imports his wine from Portugal, trades: he who buys candles of the chandler, trades: he who sends for cutlery to Birmingham, trades. Immediate supply is the radical idea, whether domestic or foreign aid be invoked.

Merchantry began with the Latin words *merere*, to purchase, to earn, and *merx*, any thing purchased: but having been brought hither from abroad, it came to be applied, not, as on the continent, to all those who purchase for profit, but only to those who purchase or sell in foreign countries. In Great Britain the foreign trader is called a merchant: they say a wine-merchant, a silk-merchant, of those who import wine and silk: they call those manufacturers merchants who export the stuffs they make: they apply the term merchant to all those who fetch or carry alien wares. A corn-chandler (from *to cantle*, to parcel out) is he who buys corn for distribution in the home-market: a corn-merchant is he who buys corn for or from the foreign market.

Commerce in the French language answers to merchantry in the English: it means a trading with other countries. We apply the term still more inclusively, and reckon brokerage and banking among the departments of commerce, although no purchases are made by such agents of interchange.

The Italian verb *trafficare* was introduced by the Lombards, and it is etymologically connected with the Gothic *treffan*, to meet. Traf-

fic consequently signifies that commerce which is conducted by personal interview. Those who make bargains at the exchange, traffic. Those who inspect the commodities they buy, traffic. Those supercargoes who make contracts on the spot for their loading, traffic. A pedlar traffics.

To trade and traffic with Macbeth  
In riddles and affairs of death.

*Good-manners, Good-breeding.*

Good-manners are confined to address and conduct; good-breeding includes the fashionable accomplishments: good-manners are the effect of intercourse; good-breeding of education: good-manners imply more of observation; good-breeding more of industry. Good-manners usually result from good-breeding; yet the former are more to a man's own praise, and the latter to that of his tutors.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### REVIEW.

WILLAN AND OTHERS ON VACCINATION.

*Concluded from page 239.*

DR. ROWLEY writes worse, if possible, than Dr. Moseley, and does not reason any better. He agrees with him in thinking all the advocates for vaccination "raving mad;" and is almost as eloquent in descanting on "the horrid, filthy, beastly diseases which they have nefariously introduced among mankind." He is pleased also to say, that "small-pox is a visitation of God; but the cow-pox is produced by presumptuous and impious man. The former Heaven ordained; the latter is, perhaps, a daring and profane violation of our holy religion; and Heaven seems daily to justify this



supposition, from the dreadful calamities cow-pox has occasioned." He afterwards quotes a text in support of this pious opinion, which is too indelicate even to be referred to; and then seriously proposes it "as a question to be considered by the learned ministers of the gospel of Christ, whether it be not impious and profane, to wrest out of the hands of the Almighty the divine dispensations of Providence?"—That these passages are not culled, with any malignant skill, from the doctor's publication, but are really taken at random, as fair specimens of his writing, our readers may perhaps be more inclined to believe, after perusing the following entire paragraph, which contains the whole of his argument against the possibility of exterminating small-pox. It appears at the 16th page of his book with this regular title:

*"Small-pox not exterminated, but at this moment epidemic, and never can be exterminated by vain man."*

"The small-pox, in 1805, is, at the moment I am writing this work, epidemic in various parts of London, and it must be always epidemic at certain seasons, unless the vaccinators have more power than the Almighty God himself; unless they be blasphemous enough to suppose human weakness can oppose the divine ordinance of God, the creator of man, and all beings. I have lately had under my care some of the worst species of malignant small-pox ever seen, even after vaccination, in our small-pox wards at the *St. Mary-le-Bone Infirmary*, which many of the faculty have seen. The mode of treatment, by mixtures of bark and vitriolic acid, with the comparative view of cow-pox and small-pox inoculation, was read by me before the honourable committee of the house of commons, deputed to examine cow-pox inoculation; the paper was delivered to the honourable committee, and, as I understood, was to form part of the report, but, for what reason I cannot pretend to say, never ap-

peared. This requires some future explanation; for, what I did read and say, is for the most part suppressed; and what it was impossible for me to say, has been, through some error, published, as the original paper in my possession fully proves. *It appears, then, that extermination is impossible.*" p. 16.

In this exquisite piece of ratiocination, Mr. Rowley first of all asserts, that God Almighty cannot prevent the small-pox; he next alleges, that the house of commons garbled his evidence; and, from these curious premises, he draws this logical conclusion, that the extermination of the small-pox is impossible! We can safely assure our readers that the rest of his reasonings are constructed in the very same manner.

Dr. Squirrel's book, however, is the most entertaining of the whole. We will venture to say, though we know it to be a bold assertion, that there never was any thing so ill-written, or so vulgar and absurd, produced before, by a person entitling himself a doctor of medicine. There is a certain nimbleness and agility about him, however, which keeps us in good-humour, and he whisks about with such a self-satisfied springiness and activity, that it is really enlivening to look on him. In an unauthorized address to the king, he assures him that the practice of vaccination "has undermined the health, and destroyed more lives of the most innocent and infantile part of his majesty's dominions than can well be imagined." He then proceeds to the display of his reasoning faculties in the following profound and eloquent paragraph.

"The cow-pox is unnatural to the human frame; and whatever operates contrary to the law of nature, can seldom boast of long inheritance; for nature detests an enemy as well as abhors a vacuum; and she endeavours with as strong efforts to destroy the one as to fill up the other. Providence never intended that the vaccine disease

should affect the human race, else why had it not, before this time, visited the inhabitants of the globe? Notwithstanding this, the vaccine virus has been forced into the blood by the *manufacturing hand* of man, and supported not by science or reason, but by conjecture and folly only, with a pretence of its exterminating the small-pox from the face of the earth, and producing a much milder disease than the variolous inoculation; yet, after these bold and unqualified assertions, the natural infection has exerted its own right, and the small-pox, subsequent to vaccination, has made its appearance; for, "nature will be nature still;" hence the puerility and the impropriety of such a conduct, viz. of introducing vaccination, with a boasted intention not only to supplant, but also to change and alter, and, in short, to pervert the established law of nature. The law of God prohibits the practice; the law of man, and the law of nature, loudly exclaim against it." p. iii, iv.

After this, he complains bitterly of parliament for voting a reward to Dr. Jenner, "for introducing the cow-pox virus into the vital fluid of the helpless infants of his majesty's subjects;" and ends with supplicating that exalted personage, "to prohibit the destructive practice of vaccine inoculation throughout his dominions."

In the book itself, we have the old cry about horrid, filthy, *beastly* diseases; a positive assertion, that the grease in horses is the scrophula; a proposal to put all the infants that have been vaccinated through a course of mercury; and an earnest recommendation of a book called "Maxims of Health," and a medicine called "Tonic Powders," both compounded by, and sold for the benefit of, the said Dr. Squirrel. He also threatens to prosecute Mr. Moore, for having written contemptuously of him; and very wittily recommends his powders to another antagonist, in the following smart sentence:

"They lessen irritability, correct and evacuate vitiated humours, and have a great tendency to cool and diminish the fury of the brain, by which means they will induce a conduct of reason and consistency; and, as they have a power to remove nervous symptoms, especially deception and cowardice, they come particularly well recommended to Aculeus."

Such are the three graduated champions who have openly taken the field against the patrons of vaccination, and boldly challenged the rest of the medical world to defend that abominable practice against them. It would be injustice to Messrs. Goldson and Birch, to confound them with this triad of doctors, whom they have submitted to follow in this contest. They both write, especially the former, like men of some sense and moderation; and we entertain good hopes of seeing them converted from their present heresy, to the faith of the majority of their brethren. They neither of them join in the absurd clamours of the genuine antivaccinists; but, admitting the greater part of what the advocates for the new practice have asserted, they think it necessary to enlarge upon difficulties and discouragements, to which we shall proceed to say something immediately. In the mean time, we may surely be permitted to observe, that from the specimens we have already seen of the talents and disposition of the antivaccinists, there would be some reason to wonder if it should turn out that they had discovered a truth which had escaped the researches of the rest of the medical world.

The controversy which has engendered all this virulence and absurdity, resolves itself, when strictly considered, into a few distinct points of inquiry. The practical question is, simply, whether vaccination ought to be adopted in preference to inoculation with small-pox? and this question can only be decided, it is evident, by taking a comparative view of the advantages



and disadvantages of vaccination and small-pox inoculation.

The great advantage of small-pox inoculation is, that it prevents certainly, or almost certainly, the recurrence of that disorder, and that it is, in general, infinitely milder than the natural form of the disease. Its disadvantages are, partly, that it is attended with considerable hazard, both to life and to the general constitution; and that, being an infectious disease, its partial adoption exposes greater numbers to the natural malady than would otherwise fall in the way of it. In consequence of this circumstance, we have already seen that the total mortality by small-pox has increased nearly one-fourth since the practice of inoculation became general.

The advantages of vaccination, according to the report of its advocates, are, 1, That the disease which it communicates is not in any degree infectious; 2, That it is as effectual a preventive of small-pox as the old inoculation; and, 3, That it produces a disease infinitely milder, and less hazardous, than arose from the former practice.

Of these three invaluable properties ascribed to cow-pox by its admirers, the *first* is unequivocally admitted by its opponents: the disease is universally allowed not to be infectious. If there be any ground for ascribing the other properties to it, this alone must be admitted to give it an immense advantage. If it be but *nearly* as safe a disease as inoculated small-pox, or *nearly* as effectual a preventive, it must be incalculably preferable to it, with a view to the interests of society. By inoculating small-pox, the hazard of the community is inevitably increased; and as the disease is extremely infectious, it is evidently quite impossible to aim at its extirpation by the continuance of the practice. By vaccination, no malady can be propagated beyond the person of the patient; and if he be effectually withdrawn from the risk of small-pox contagion, it is evident that a prospect is held out, of final-

ly extirpating that tremendous distemper altogether. In inoculation we only hunt the wild tigers with the tame ones, and therefore never can exterminate the breed. In vaccination we run them down with other animals, and, with due exertions, may clear the country of them entirely.

The other two points, however, are the most material; and it is with regard to them chiefly that the debate has been all along maintained. The opposers of vaccination deny, positively, that it will effectually prevent the small-pox; and they allege that it is more dangerous to life, and more prejudicial to health, than the inoculation of small-pox. We shall consider these two positions as shortly as possible, in the order in which they have been mentioned.

The most determined enemies to vaccination do not pretend to deny that it prevents small-pox for a certain time, or to a certain degree. The unquestionable facts that have been accumulated by its admirers, have established that general point in the most complete and satisfactory manner. Dr. Woodville, alone, subjected near 4000 vaccinated patients to the small-pox inoculation, in the course of six months, and found that every one of them resisted the infection. That experiment has since been repeated, probably not less than a million of times, with the very same result. Cow-pox, therefore, is confessedly a preventive of small-pox; and the only question is, whether it be an infallible and a permanent preventive.

Upon this question, it is rather unfortunate for its opponents, that their little phalanx has been divided into a number of irreconcilable interests. Mr. Goldson acknowledges that the natural or original cow-pox, received directly from the animal, does appear to afford a perfect security from small-pox; but that the operation of the inoculated disease is more precarious and uncertain. The rest of the

antivaccinists, we believe, reject this distinction. Dr. Moseley rather seems to admit, that inoculated cow-pox will render the constitution incapable of small-pox infection for a certain period; but that its virtue wears out in the course of time, and leaves the unsuspecting patient to a more dangerous attack of the malady. Dr. Rowley, and we rather think Dr. Squirrel, though we would not rashly pretend to have ascertained the meaning of that eloquent person, appear to deny it even this limited efficacy, and contend, that it affords no security against small-pox infection for any period whatsoever. Differing thus from each other in every essential particular, they agree in nothing but the vehemence with which they clamour against all who oppose themselves to their practical conclusions.

Mr. Goldson's theory need not detain us very long. It exhibits, we think, as perverse an application of scepticism and credulity, as we have ever met with. There are perhaps one hundred authenticated cases of natural cow-pox, in which the patients have been found to resist variolous infection; and upon this scanty testimony, Mr. Goldson implicitly believes that natural cow-pox is an infallible preventive of small-pox. There are more than one hundred thousand cases of inoculated cow-pox, in which the patients have equally resisted all subsequent infection; and yet he refuses to believe, that the inoculated cow-pox can be depended upon as a preventive! This is almost as absurd, as it is in Mr. Birch first to tell us that cow-pox is nothing but small-pox transmitted through a cow, and then to maintain that it is in the highest degree hazardous and improper to substitute the cow-pox inoculation for that of small-pox. Yet these are the two most rational antagonists of vaccination.

Dr. Moseley's notion, however, we believe, has had more currency; and certain timid persons, we are afraid, have been induced to sus-

pect, that the security afforded by vaccination is not of a permanent nature, but is liable to be exhausted by time. It is certain, however, that there is nothing either in Dr. Moseley's reasonings, or in the analogy of other physiological facts, to justify such an observation. Dr. Moseley says, that there are many eruptive diseases which render the constitution for the time incapable of variolous infection, though they were never understood to impart any permanent security; and that "cow-pox possesses no more specific power to resist the small-pox, than scald-head, or itch, or the yaws, or leprosy, or the *furuncle maligne*, or the bites of venomous insects, or other eruptive and cutaneous disorders."

Now, we admit the premises upon which this reasoning is founded; but we utterly deny the conclusion. We believe it to be perfectly well established, that certain violent cases of eruption will often indispose the body to receive the infection of small-pox, and enable it indeed for the time to resist every species of cutaneous infection; but it is most material to observe, that this effect is only produced during the actual presence and continuance of the eruptive distemper. It was never pretended by any body, not even by Dr. Moseley, that a person who had been completely cured of scald-head, or itch, or leprosy, would resist the infection of small-pox, merely because he had been affected with these distempers some months or years before. If the cow-pox, therefore, have no other preventive virtue than these disorders, then it ought only to resist small-pox during the fifteen or twenty days that the vesicle continues; and the patient must be liable to contagion again in less than a month at the farthest. The fact, however, is indisputable, that out of the hundred thousand vaccinated patients who have resisted variolous infection, no one was ever put to the test of it, till after he had been for many months recovered of the



cow-pox, and free from any symptom of distemper.

Dr. Moseley's argument, therefore, is founded upon a false analogy; but the facts to which he alludes, evidently furnish ground, when properly considered, for the very contrary conclusion. When infection is prevented by the active subsistence of a previous and sensible disease, we naturally ascribe our immunity to the disordered or suspended action of those organs by which infection is communicated; and reasonably infer, that, as soon as they are restored to their functions by the return of health, the infection will take place as before. There is here a visible change, to which we can impute the restoration of our susceptibility; or, rather, there is the removal of a visible obstacle which stood for a while in the way of it. But if, in consequence of any preceding operation, we find that we are enabled to resist contagion *in a state of perfect health*, and while all our organs appear to perform their offices with perfect vigour and regularity, we naturally infer, that this immunity will prove permanent, as we feel that it does not depend upon any extraordinary state of the system, or the action of any occasional cause that may afterwards be withdrawn. There is no event, in this case, to which we can look forward as likely to deprive us of this immunity, because it does not depend, as in the other, on an unnatural and accidental state of the body, which must speedily come to an end. The power of resisting small-pox is, in the one case, the symptom of a disease, and may be expected to disappear along with it; in the other, it is a constitutional property, which there is no reason to think will be altered by the mere lapse of time. A patient affected with itch, is prevented from taking small-pox, only as a man is prevented from seeing by the swelling of his eye-lids; when the itch is cured, and the swelling subsides, he is infected, and sees as before. A vaccinated patient is

prevented from taking small-pox, as a man is prevented from seeing by having the optic nerve destroyed—he can never see again. In the one case, the enemy is resisted by our own superior force, and, of course, may be resisted always. In the other, he is only repelled by the accidental interference of strangers, and, of course, may overpower us as soon as they turn their backs.

It seems contrary, therefore, to all analogy, and all rules of reasoning, to suppose, *à priori*, that an immunity which is found to subsist for a certain time in the usual and healthful state of the system, will gradually and insensibly wear away without any apparent cause, or any sensible change to indicate its extinction; and the facts which bear at all upon the question, so far from suggesting or supporting such a supposition, seem, in our apprehension, completely to refute and discredit it. In the first place, the natural and inoculated small-pox—the measles, and the hooping-cough, which are the only other cases in which a preceding disease is found to bestow an immunity after its own cessation, are allowed to confer a permanent immunity, and not one that is gradually and silently destroyed by the lapse of time. In the second place, the matter seems experimentally settled, by the case of the *natural* cow-pox, in which the security has been found unimpaired and entire after the lapse of twenty, thirty, forty, and fifty years. Lastly, even if we were to admit the whole of the cases of small-pox occurring after vaccination, which the enemies of the practice have founded on, we could never hold that the preventive virtue naturally wore out in a certain time, because these cases are alleged to have occurred indiscriminately at all periods after vaccination which have yet been possible. In cases of continual exposure, they are said to have taken small-pox at all distances, from three months to seven years after vaccination. It is im-

possible to suppose, therefore, that the preventive power of cow-pox wears out of the human frame in a certain period of time. If the cases are to be admitted at all, it would be more rational to suppose that it imparted a weak or imperfect power of resistance, which might be overcome by a powerful contagion.

But there are cases, it seems; and, whatever be the errors or inconsistencies of the theories proposed by those who bring them forward, the cases themselves must be decisive of the fate of vaccination. If small-pox have repeatedly occurred after it, it must be rash to trust to its security, and the system must eventually be abandoned. It is true, no doubt, that multitudes of such cases have been alleged; and that some of them have not been explained in a manner quite satisfactory to the sanguine admirers of vaccination; but our impression is, upon the whole, very decidedly, that by far the greater part of them are either cases in which there never was the genuine cow-pox at first, or cases in which there was not genuine small-pox at last; and that the remaining list of failures and disasters, if any remain, is neither more numerous nor more discouraging than may be supplied from the history of variolous inoculation. Of the individual cases themselves, the statement and verification of which fill many hundred pages of the controversial volumes before us, it cannot be expected that we should give any detailed history; but we are persuaded we shall do much more for the satisfaction and illumination of our readers, by laying before them the following admirable observations of Mr. Moore upon the medical law of evidence. We make no apology for the length of the quotation, as we are persuaded that the writing and the reasoning of this passage must afford the highest gratification, even to those readers who are not particularly interested in its present application.

"The evidence that is requisite to prove or disprove any proposition

in the science of medicine, is of a peculiar kind. It differs entirely from that species of proof which satisfies a court of law. Both direct and circumstantial evidence, which would leave no doubt in the breasts of judges and juries, have often not the slightest tendency to render a medical fact even probable. The declarations, and even the oaths of the most conscientious, disinterested, and able men, are all insufficient.

"The reason of this is, that few men, even those of considerable capacity, distinguish accurately between opinion and fact.

"When a man asserts he has been cured of a particular disease by a certain drug, he is apt to think he is declaring a fact which he knows to be true; whereas, this assertion includes two opinions, in both of which he may be completely mistaken. The first is an opinion of his having had the disease specified; the second, that the medicine employed removed the disease. Most people are convinced that they are acquainted with the malady they are afflicted with; they consider it as a mere matter of fact: and when they are cured, they have as little doubt of the remedy that accomplished it. This belief is often strengthened by the confident declarations, and specious behaviour, of the person who exhibits the remedy: and if the patient possesses gratitude, this also heightens the delusion. He is thus easily prevailed upon to swear positively, both to the disease and the remedy, as if they were plain facts obvious to the senses; whereas, both the one and the other are frequently beyond the reach of human knowledge.

"The cases adduced of diseases caused by vaccination, to the truth of which the parents will often take their oath, form no stronger presumption of these facts than the affidavits that are daily sworn to of consumption, gout, or cancer being cured, prove that a specific for these distempers has been discovered. This species of unintentional perjury has been very common dur-



ing the last century in every part of Europe ; and the more improbable the fact is, the more numerous are the affidavits, and the more respectable the signatures. Clergymen, judges, and peers are daily swearing, that they have been cured of incurable diseases : but the meanest apothecary smiles with contempt when he reads their splendid testimonials.

" If the difficulty of ascertaining the proper dose of the best medicines was fully known, it would prevent any man of sense signing a paper to induce others to buy a nostrum. One man, for example, can take eight or ten grains of calomel, whereas, another, with the same complaint, cannot endure more than half a grain. Hence it appears, that one man requires twenty times the dose of another : how, then, can this medicine be graduated for public sale ? The most credulous bishop, or even the most foolish gentleman, who exposes his name on a quack bill, would laugh at a shoemaker who pretended that he could make shoes to fit all feet.

" The character of the person for whose advantage these affidavits are taken, is little understood by the public. Reflect for a moment what kind of man that must be, who is base enough to conceal a medicine endowed with the power of curing cancer, gout, consumption, or any of the deplorable distempers that afflict mankind. If such a discovery were actually made, and kept secret, the discoverer must be both a villain, for concealing what would save thousands from misery and death ; and a fool, because, by this conduct, he lives despised and probably poor ; whereas, the disclosure of such a secret would infallibly procure him honours and riches.

" It is not with medicine alone, that the cunning empiric performs his cures. He sometimes operates more successfully by an unusual incomprehensible legerdemain trick. Mesmer convinced thousands of the nobility, and even some men of science, in Paris, that he could cure

diseases without either medicine or change of diet. He placed his patients round a box full of broken glass, and made them pinch each other's thumbs, while he waved a rod of steel in the air. By employing a mysterious jargon, he even made many believe that they were capable of doing the same ; and they paid him large sums for being taught this valuable art. De Mainaduc and miss Prescott have improved upon this plan. By moving their hands, they could extract any disease out of a sick man's body ; swallow it themselves, and then puff it into the air. Distance did not hinder them from operating with success. They could cure a man in India. And, though the knave de Mainaduc, with this wonderful power, died young, the art continues to be practised and paid for magnificently, and the cures are attested by coronets and mitres.

" After these instances, it is superfluous to speak of Perkins, though he had a better trick than either. The other quacks commonly took the trouble of seeing their patients, hearing their cases, and talking to them. Perkins saved himself all this embarrassment. He soldered bits of brass and iron together ; which, he said, could cure gout, rheumatism, sprains, inflammations, and twenty other diseases, and sold them for six guineas a pair. He quickly printed, with most respectable attestations, many more cures than are now published of the failure of vaccination. He established a Perkinian society of gentlemen of consideration, who zealously, to this day, extol the fame of the tractors. Several worthy clergymen purchased tractors, and most patiently and charitably applied them to their poor parishioners. For a time they performed surprising cures, and thought they rescued the afflicted from the extortion of the apothecary. These miracles are now at an end ; the gout and rheumatism rage as formerly, but Perkins has made his fortune.

" It thus appears, that lists of

cases, however certified, rather deceive than enlighten. The regular physician who adopts this method of proving a medical fact, takes the very path he ought most sedulously to shun. Yet if any one should attempt, by investigating each particular case, to refute it, he would soon discover the impossibility of succeeding. I have been requested, on various occasions, to make such researches, and generally found that the patients were completely convinced of the truth of the attestation, whether the remedy was physic, magnetism, or a tractor. In short, they were ready to make the most solemn oath to what was quite impossible to be true.

"Not aware of this, some of Dr. Jenner's friends first investigated the cases of pretended failure of vaccination. In some instances they discovered, that what had been called the small-pox, was, in fact, the chicken-pox, in others a rash, and in some, bug-bites. Where the small-pox had occurred, the patient had either never been vaccinated at all, or the spurious inflammation alone had taken place.

"But as soon as one case was refuted, another was rumoured. The investigation sometimes occasioned a dispute with the medical attendant. For, if any mistake was committed by him, either in vaccinating, or in the opinion he had given of the eruption, he found his reputation at stake. This occasioned warm altercations: both parties obstinately persisted in being in the right, and neither could be confuted nor silenced, for the question does not admit of demonstration." p. 29—36.

Of the truth of these positions we are so perfectly convinced, that, even if our limits admitted of it, we should decline laying before our readers the particulars of any of these disputed cases. It is necessary, however, to explain a little more particularly the grounds of our scepticism as to facts so strongly asserted.

The first position is, that in all, or almost all the cases, where small-

pox have really occurred after an alleged vaccination, the patient really never had the cow-pox, the inoculation having miscarried, by accident or inattention. The total number of such cases, we believe, is considerably under a hundred out of little less than half a million of vaccinated subjects; and, when the following particulars are attended to, we are persuaded that they will appear infinitely fewer than might have been reckoned on, from the novelty, and, in some respects, the nicety, of the practice. In the first place, it is well known that, within a short time after the promulgation of the discovery, a multitude of individuals, of all sexes and professions (Dr. Willan says not less than 10,000), many of whom had never seen the disorder in their lives, took upon them to practise the inoculation in all parts of the kingdom. That some mistakes should be committed by such practitioners, even in a matter of the utmost simplicity, could not excite wonder; but the truth is, that the operation was a matter of considerable nicety, and not perfectly understood, even by medical practitioners, till after the publication of Dr. Jenner's full directions and engravings in 1802. The causes of mistake were various. 1st, The matter was sometimes taken from a spurious sore, in the first instance, which, though it raised a vesicle, and excited inflammation in the inoculated patient, could never, of course, communicate the genuine disease. 2d, It was still oftener taken from the true sore at too late a stage of its progress, in which case, though it seldom failed to produce a very active inflammation, it could never give the true cow-pox. 3d, The matter, though taken in proper time, was sometimes decomposed or corrupted, by being too long kept, or exposed to air, or heat, or cold, or diluted in too much fluid. 4th, When all these circumstances were attended to, it sometimes happened that, owing to the existence of eruptive fever, or violent cutaneous disorders, the patient did not receive



the full constitutional affection, nor indicate the decided symptoms of regular vaccination. Lastly, It was some time before even the regular practitioners were so perfectly acquainted with those characteristic and decided appearances, as to be able to say with certainty, whether the vaccination had actually taken effect or not. The circulation of Dr. Jenner's descriptions and engravings went far to remove this uncertainty; but it was not, perhaps, completely obviated till the publication of Dr. Willan's excellent observations, in which he has described all the various forms and appearances of the spurious as well as the true vesicle, in a way which puts it in the power of any attentive reader, in the least degree acquainted with the subject, to attain perfect assurance in every case that can occur to him.

These observations apply chiefly to the earlier periods of the practice; and it is very remarkable, accordingly, that by far the greater number of instances of alleged failure occur before the year 1802, and that they occur infinitely oftener in the practice of those inexperienced persons whom zeal had induced to usurp the functions of a profession to which they had not been educated, than of the regular practitioner, who had vaccinated to a much greater extent. No one instance of failure has occurred in the practice of Dr. Jenner himself; and his relative, Mr. G. Jenner, publicly states, that he has also inoculated 5000 persons, without a single miscarriage. We agree entirely with Dr. Willan, in earnestly dissuading any person from practising vaccination who has not been carefully instructed in all the necessary precautions, and has not learned, by long observation, to recognize with certainty the genuine from the spurious infection. It would be much better, indeed, that the operation should in all cases be entrusted to a regular practitioner, except where there is a difficulty in obtaining his assistance in a situation of urgency.

The circumstances that have now been mentioned would account, we conceive, for a considerable number of alleged failures, without the necessity of supposing that vaccination itself is, in its completest form, a precarious and insecure preventive of infection. By far the greater number of those alleged failures, however, are cases in which some other distemper has been mistaken or misrepresented for small-pox. The error that has been committed here is of two kinds. In the first place, by mistaking eruptions altogether of a different description, such as chicken-pox, rash, swine-pox, and even itch, and the bites of insects, for small-pox; and in the second place, by representing, as genuine and formidable small-pox, that secondary variolous affection, to which it is perfectly well known that many persons are subject, when exposed to contagion, who have formerly had the disease in the most unequivocal manner.

The first requires no explanation. A multitude of such cases have been detected and exposed by the advocates for vaccination; and a multitude have been abandoned by those who first brought them forward, as having been originally stated upon inaccurate information. The second point is of more consequence, as it has served to bring into general notice a fact in the history of small-pox, which the patrons of the old inoculation were much disposed to keep out of observation.

The general rule certainly is, that no person has the disease twice; and, in a certain sense, the exceptions to it must be allowed to be very few indeed; but it is an established fact, that very many persons who have gone through the disease, either in the natural way, or by inoculation, are liable, when inoculated a second time, or exposed to powerful contagion, to a secondary and mitigated attack of fever and eruptions, in the course of which pustules are formed, from which the genuine small-pox may be inoculated. Nurses who sleep with chil-

dren in the small-pox are familiarly known to be liable to these affections; and that, many times in the course of their lives. And a multitude of indisputable cases are cited in the volumes before us, of similar effects being produced by a second inoculation for small-pox, after the first has taken full effect\*; or even after a very severe and dangerous attack of the natural disorder. In all these cases, however, the symptoms are decidedly milder than in the proper original small-pox; the fever is of shorter duration, and the pustules are smaller, and dry up and fall off much earlier than in the genuine form of the disease. There is no instance in which it has been followed by fatal or serious consequences. Now, it is apparent, even upon the face of the statements made by the anti-vaccinists themselves, that almost all the alleged cases of small-pox following vaccination were cases of this description. The fever was always shorter than usual; the pustules were smaller, and usually fewer in number; and, almost in every case without exception, they were found to dry up and disappear much sooner than in the true and original disorder. It is the opinion of Dr. Willan, therefore (p. 70, 71), and it seems to be confirmed by the import of the whole evidence, that the vaccine inoculation bestows as great security at least as that for the small-pox; and has even this advantage over it, that imperfect vaccination has always a certain effect in modifying the subsequent attack of small-pox; whereas, an imperfect inoculation for small-pox is admitted to have no subsequent effect whatsoever (p. 76). It seems also to be ascertained, that the vaccine inoculation, even though not adopted till after the contagion of small-pox has been received, will modify and controul the original distemper to such a degree as to deprive it of all alarming malignity. It was for some

\* See Ring's answer to Moseley, and authorities cited, p. 194, &c.—Moore's Reply, p. 55, 56, &c.—Willan, p. 65—71, &c.—Birch's Serious Reasons, p. 45.

time supposed, that a sort of neutral or hybrid disease, was generated by this coincidence of the two separate ones; but the experiments detailed by Dr. Willan (p. 7) seem to prove that each of them runs a distinct course, although modified and restrained as to the violence of the symptoms, by the presence of the other.

With these cautions and observations, we may safely leave the reader to peruse all the cases which are detailed by the enemies of vaccination, in evidence of its inefficiency as a preventive of small-pox. Of the temper and judgment with which they are selected and narrated, some conjecture may be formed from the specimens which have been already given of their writing; but there is one sentence of Dr. Rowley's which seems to render any further observation unnecessary, and to make it superfluous to hunt through the laborious and persevering detection of the vaccinists. This learned doctor, who has collected many more cases of failure than all his brethren put together, disposes of the whole controversy in this peremptory manner.

"Indeed, no other questions are admissible in vaccination, than, Have the parties been *inoculated* for the cow-pox? Have they been vaccinated? *Yes*. Have they had the small-pox afterwards? *Yes*. As to *how, when, where, whether the cow-pox took, was genuine, or spurious, or any arguments, however specious*, as pretexts for doubt or failure, they are evasive and irrelevant to the question. They may confound fools, but not heighten the credit of vaccination." p. 34.

After such a declaration, it certainly cannot be worth while to refute Dr. Rowley's cases. It would be little less absurd, to tell a jury, in a trial for murder, that the only question was, whether a pistol had been fired or not, and that was of no consequence to inquire whether it was loaded with ball, or whether the sufferer had died by a pistol shot.

The antivaccinists themselves seem to admit, that by such *irrela-*



*tive* and *evasive* inquiries, more than nine-tenths of their cases of failure may be explained in a satisfactory manner. But still, they urge, there are a few remaining, which have been admitted by the vaccinators themselves, to have exhibited the decisive symptoms of genuine cow-pox, followed by genuine small-pox. The admission to which these gentlemen allude, is contained in the first of the following paragraphs of a report given in by the Medical Council of the Jennerian Society, and signed by upwards of fifty of the most eminent practitioners in London. That council, upon considering the report of a committee, declare, that it appears to them, among other things,

“That it is admitted by the committee, that a few cases have been brought before them, of persons having the small-pox, who had *apparently* passed through the cow-pox in a regular way.

“That cases, supported by evidence equally strong, have been also brought before them, of persons who, after having once regularly passed through the small-pox, either by inoculation or natural infection, have had that disease a second time.

“That in many cases, in which the small-pox has occurred a second time, after inoculation or the natural disease, such recurrence has been particularly severe, and often fatal; whereas, when it has appeared to occur after vaccination, the disease has generally been so mild, as to lose some of its characteristic marks, and even sometimes to render its existence doubtful.”

Now, there are two ways of viewing this, equally reconcileable with the facts of the case, and with the report of the society. The one is, to hold that though those few persons *appeared* to have gone through the cow-pox regularly, yet that, in reality, there had been something imperfect in the vaccination; and that, if the means of more exact scrutiny had been afforded, such an imperfection might

have been made manifest. This is the decided opinion of Mr. Moore, who says, “he can more easily believe that an able physician should commit a mistake (or disguise one) than that such an incongruity should occur;” and of Dr. Willan, who, after stating the result of his own most careful observation to be uniformly in favour of the claims of vaccination, says, “if such failures do ever occur, they must occur in a very small proportion; and I am convinced that the subjects of them will not be found liable to take small-pox in the same manner and form as before vaccination.” The other view of the question is, that these failures do really occur, but in so very small a proportion, as to furnish no objection whatsoever against the practice of vaccination. That practice must maintain its ground triumphantly, if it can be shown to be *as effectual* a preventive of small-pox as the old inoculation. Now, we think it has been demonstrated, beyond the possibility of contradiction, that the number of authenticated cases of small-pox after the old inoculation, and even after a former attack of the natural disease, are more numerous in proportion, than those that are alleged, with any probability, of such an occurrence after complete vaccination.

It has become a fashion among the opposers of vaccination, to assert, without ceremony, and in the most positive manner, that no person ever had the small-pox twice; and from this they conclude without any more ado, that, if they can show one instance of its occurrence after vaccination, the question is decided in favour of the old method. We have heard the same confident assertion made in conversation; and we have therefore been at some pains to look into the evidence of the opposite proposition, which appears to us as clearly and completely established as any fact in the history of diseases. We have no longer room to insert even an abstract of those cases; but we shall refer our readers to the places

where they may be found, after stating, very shortly, the two earliest that appear on record.

The first occurred in the case of a child of Dr Croft. "He was inoculated by Dr. Steigerthal, physician to king George the first. Dr. Deering was an eye-witness of the operation; and assures us, great care was taken in the choice of matter. He had the small-pox of the confluent kind, and in a severe manner, in consequence of this inoculation, and yet had it again *very full*, in the natural way, twelve months after. This, says Dr. Woodville, in his History of Inoculation, p. 217, "is a *strange fact which has never been contradicted*." A second case was published about the same time by Dr. Pierce Dod: "it occurred in a son of Mr. Richards, member of parliament for Bridport, who was inoculated for the small-pox. About sixty pustules came out, which matured, scabbed, and went off in the usual manner. Two years afterwards he had the disease again, more severely, in the natural way. This case was communicated to Dr. Dod by Dr. Brodrepp, a learned and experienced physician, the grandfather of the child, who attended him on both occasions," and was much canvassed by the controversialists of that day. A third very striking case is mentioned by Mr Ring in his answer to Dr. Moseley (p. 209, &c.) of a person who was much seamed and scarred by natural small-pox in his youth, who, after he was a grandfather, died of a second attack of the confluent disorder. A fourth case is mentioned at p. 211 of the same work, of the very same description, and with the same issue; a fifth is detailed at p. 213; a sixth at p. 215; and a seventh at p. 280; three others are given from a foreign publication at p. 199. Several similar facts are detailed in Mr. Ring's large treatise, p. 59, 86, 946, &c.; and the case of the earl of Westmeath's child has lately been laid before the public in a way that

precludes all doubts as to its authenticity.

On the whole, we think there are not fewer than twenty distinct cases of small-pox occurring a second time in the same subject, each of them authenticated far more completely than any one that has been cited by the adversaries of vaccination. We are persuaded, indeed, that we shall be supported by every impartial person who makes himself master of the whole evidence, in saying, that there are not so many as ten cases of small-pox, after perfect vaccination, proved in such a way as to be entitled to any sort of attention. Now, the medical council, consisting of almost all the great practitioners in London, have reported, that "nearly as many persons have been already vaccinated in this kingdom, as were ever inoculated for the small-pox, since the first introduction of that practice;" so that, if the two cases were exactly upon a footing, the risk of failure seems to be at least twice as great in the small-pox inoculation as in that for cow-pox.

But the cases are not by any means on a footing; and, when rightly considered, the advantage will be found to be still more decidedly on the side of vaccination. In the first place, an infinitely greater proportion of vaccinated patients have been intentionally subjected to the most violent forms of variolous infection, than of those who had been inoculated for small-pox. For fifty years back, the confidence of the country, in the efficacy of inoculation, has been so firmly established, that it was seldom put to the test, either by a second inoculation, or by voluntary exposure to infection. The anxiety, and the contest about vaccination, had the effect of making it almost a regular practice to inoculate again with variolous matter, or to put the patient in some other way to the proof. It is not too much, perhaps, to say, that one-fifth of the whole number vaccinated has been subjected to this severe ordeal;



and that not more than one in five hundred of inoculated patients have undergone a similar probation. If the two operations, therefore, were only of equal virtue, the cases of failure should be a hundred times more numerous among the vaccinated than the inoculated patients. In point of fact, they are absolutely fewer. It deserves also to be considered that cases of failure in inoculated small-pox must now be picked up, in a great measure, from old books or old people, and that it is fair to presume that a much greater number than can now be authenticated have occurred, and been forgotten in the course of the last seventy years; whereas, all the instances of failure in vaccination having happened within these six years, and while the keen eyes of so many disputants were fixed on the issue, it may be concluded, that few or none have been lost to the public, and that we are now completely aware of the full extent of the calamity.

In whatever way this part of the question be considered, therefore, we conceive it to be clearly made out, that vaccination, if it do not absolutely and certainly secure the patient from the contagion of small-pox, gives him a security, at least as effectual as could be given by the old practice of inoculation. We are conscientiously persuaded, that, to this extent, it may be relied on with the most implicit confidence.

The only other point which remains to be considered is, whether vaccination communicates as safe and mild a disease as inoculation? Upon this, however, it would be a mere waste of words to enlarge; the public knows perfectly, by experience, that the cow-pox is incomparably a milder disease than the inoculated small-pox; and there is certainly no one instance in which the fever attending it has risen to a fatal, or even to an alarming height. As to the trash that has been written to prove that it has given birth to a multitude of new and dreadful cutaneous distempers; as there is

not a shadow of evidence to connect these appearances with the preceding vaccination, the only answer that can be made to it is, that it was never pretended that the cow-pox would insure the patient, for all the rest of his life, from scrophula, or itch, or tinea, or leprosy, or syphilis. The whole proof that is offered, in any of the alleged cases, is, that a person, who had been vaccinated, was sometimes affected by these disorders, sometimes at the distance of years.

It was not necessary, perhaps, to make any other answer to assertions so improbable and intemperate; but Dr. Willan has condescended to answer them; and has set this part of the question, as it appears to us, finally to rest. Dr. Willan, it is well known, is the oracle of the metropolis in all cutaneous disorders, and has more practice in that department than all the rest of his brethren put together. Now, he says, in the first place, that after a careful examination of all the cases alluded to, *no new disorders* have been introduced into the nosology since the discovery of vaccination; and that the old cutaneous complaints of the metropolis have not become either more virulent or more general. As a proof of this, he exhibits a table (p. 82) of the number of cases of cutaneous eruption in the public dispensary, from 1796 to 1805; the result of which is, that their proportion to other diseases was rather greater before Dr. Jenner's discovery than in the sixth and seventh years of vaccination. In the next place, he exhibits a statement from the senior surgeon of the Gloucester Infirmary, in which cow-pox has been familiar for the last fifty years, which purports, 1st, That there is not a more healthy race of beings, or one more free from cutaneous complaints, than the milkers at dairies, who are constantly exposed to cow-pox; and, 2d, that though many hundred patients have been under his charge for cow-pox in the last fifty years, *not one* has complained, in all that time, of any

cutaneous affection as its consequence. In the last place, Dr. Willan gives it as his decided opinion, that the vaccine inoculation is much less apt to produce inflammation and suppuration of the glands than inoculated small-pox; and that he has never known an instance of scrophula that could be fairly referred to it.

There are, no doubt, one or two unfortunate cases, and we believe no more, in which the wound in the arm has degenerated into a dangerous ulcer. This may be owing to the incautious use of a rusty lancet, or of one charged with matter which had run into putridity; or it may be owing to a singular and unaccountable irritability of constitution, akin to that which Dr. Willan says he has known produce the most violent disorders from the application of a blister, or give rise to incurable ulcerations from the bite of a leech. It is needless to say that similar disasters may arise from common inoculation: they may arise from the scratch of a pin.

Although the arguments in favour of vaccination appear, when impartially considered, to be thus evidently triumphant, we are well aware, from the recollection of our own sentiments on the occasion, that some people, who have not leisure to enter into the merits of the controversy, may be staggered by the simple and palpable fact, that a certain number of persons, of some education and acuteness, have set themselves so outrageously against it, and may think it safer to resist novelties, as to the merit of which there is a difference of opinion, and adhere to the good old way, which every body so lately concurred in recommending. To such persons it may be of some use to state, that the good old way of inoculation of small-pox met, in its day, with an opposition not less virulent and persevering than cow-pox seems destined to encounter; and was assailed with as much bad language, and nearly as much bad argument, as is now poured out against vaccina-

tion. Dr. Wagstaffe, in 1721, published a variety of pamphlets against it, in which he maintains, with great vehemence, that it does not prevent the small-pox in future; that it produces a variety of shocking distempers, itch, ulcers, boils, hectic, *caries*, &c.; that it often produces an unfavourable confluent small-pox; and, in general, that it is to the full as fatal as the natural disorder. The same positions were maintained in a great variety of eloquent publications by Dr. Hillary, and Messrs. Howgrave, Sparham, and Massey. But the most magnificent and imposing piece of composition that has been preserved upon this side of the question is a sermon preached by the Rev. Edmond Massey, "upon the dangerous and sinful practice of inoculation," in 1722. In this performance, the reverend person maintains, that Job's distemper was the confluent small-pox, and that he had been inoculated by the devil: he then asserts, that diseases are sent by Providence for the punishment of our sins; and this attempt to prevent them, is "a diabolical operation." He comforts himself, however, by reflecting, that its pretensions, in this way, are utterly vain and groundless; he says they are mere "forgers of lies," who pretend that it will prevent the small-pox; enlarges upon the miseries and evils that inoculation threatens to introduce; and hopes that a time will come, when those preparers of poison, and spreaders of infection will have a stigma fixed on them, and no longer be permitted to mingle with other professional men; which, he says, indeed, is as presumptuous in them as it was in the devil to mingle with the sons of God.

These, and similar expressions, which abound in the writings of that day, will go far, we fear, to deprive Drs. Moseley and Squirrel of any claim to originality in the style of eloquence they have exerted themselves so meritoriously to revive. We beg them, however, to believe, that it was by no means for this in-



vidious purpose that we have referred to their prototypes, but merely with a view to set the minds of those readers at rest, who might be inclined to doubt, whether men of education could possibly be so positive and so angry in support of what was certainly wrong. Drs. Wagstaffe and Hillary, with their faithful squires and followers, have been effectually confuted by the experience of little less than a century; and their forgotten cavils and rhapsodies now excite no other emotions in the reader than those mild sensations of contempt and wonder with which the next generation will look on the lucubrations of Squirrel and Moseley, if any accident should draw them from the shelter of that oblivion to which they are rapidly descending.

We will not add to the length of this article by any general observations on the importance of the subject on which it is employed. There is only one point of practical importance which we have omitted to consider: and that is, the propriety of continuing the practice of putting the efficacy of vaccination to the test, by subjecting the patient afterwards to repeated variolous inoculation. Most of the violent admirers of the new practice oppose this as unnecessary; and the instances of troublesome, and even dangerous affections, resulting from such inoculation, although no genuine small-pox be produced, certainly afford an argument of some weight against it. At the same time, we believe this risk to be so small, that, in order to allay the anxiety of parents, we do not see any great harm in continuing the practice till that anxiety shall disappear from the increasing reliance on vaccination, or until the extinction of small-pox shall render it impossible to find matter for the inoculation. It is a point still less doubtful, however, that it would be advisable to institute a very strict examination into the cases of all persons vaccinated before 1802, and to repeat the operation in every case that appears in the slightest degree

doubtful; ascertaining, at the same time, the fact of the constitutional affection, by Mr. Bryce's ingenious test of inoculating one arm from the vesicles formed on the other, and judging of the state of the system by the sudden maturation of the second incision. If the first vesicle be quite regular, we are inclined to think, that the success of this experiment will afford the most perfect assurance of the constitutional affection having been completely produced.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*Great Britain.*

MR. HERIOT, post-master of British America, a gentleman who unites a superior talent for drawing with the literary and scientific attainments necessary to form an interesting traveller, has availed himself of the opportunities afforded by his official situation, and is preparing for publication a splendid work descriptive of Upper and Lower Canada. Mr. Heriot will first give an account of his voyage from England to the Azores, of which he will introduce a better description than any now existing in our language; he will then conduct his readers up the river St. Lawrence, by land and water; across the several lakes to lake Superior; describing, in this immense route, every prominent feature which can be interesting to political economy and commerce. The embellishments will consist of about twenty views, twelve new plants, some animals, and several characteristic representations of the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

Mr. Janson, who has lately returned from America, has brought with him many interesting materials towards furnishing a complete survey of the state of society and manners in that country; which will speedily appear in one quarto vo.

lume, accompanied with a number of engravings.

Mr. Northmore has nearly completed an epic poem, of ten books, upon which he has been engaged for a considerable time. It is entitled, *Washington*, or *Liberty Restored*, and, exclusive of the imagery, is entirely founded upon historical records.

Sir John Carr is preparing for the press an account of his excursions into Holland and up the Rhine, as far as Mentz.

Walter Scott, Esq. is preparing for publication a new poetical work, to be entitled, *Six Epistles from Ettrick Forest*.

Mr. John Pinkerton is preparing for the press a New Modern Atlas. It is proposed that this atlas shall consist of at least an equal number of maps with those of the new edition of Mr. Pinkerton's Geography, but of the size called atlas, so as to correspond with the celebrated works of D'Anville. These maps will be delineated with all the superior advantages afforded by the late improvements in geographical precision, and engraved with the utmost beauty that the state of the arts can admit, so as to be a national and perpetual monument, worthy of the first commercial country in

the world, and from whose exertion and enterprise have arisen the most recent and important discoveries. Each map will be drawn under Mr. Pinkerton's own eye, revised with the utmost care; and will form, like the works of D'Anville, a complete record of the state of science at the time of publication. Table lands, chains of mountains, and other features which belong to the natural geography of each country, will be indicated in a new manner, and with an exactness not to be expected from geographers who are unacquainted with that branch of the science, which is, however, so essential, that without it no country can be truly represented, nor works on natural and civil history perfectly understood. In the other parts which illustrate civil history, equal care shall be exerted not to insert obscure hovels and villages, while places remarkable in historical record are totally omitted. Instead of careless positions, arising from the blind imitation of antiquated maps, the greatest attention shall be bestowed, that every position be conformable to the latest astronomical observations, and, in default of these, to the result of the best itineraries, and other authentic documents.

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## POETRY.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

TO MEMORY.

*By a Young Lady lately deceased.*

Oh Memory! dear though painful guest,  
Resume thy empire o'er my breast;  
Resume the sweetly plaintive strain,  
And let my soul its former griefs sustain;  
Gently unclothe the hoard of hidden woe,  
And let the mellow'd tear of recollection flow.

When the world spreads its gay allurements round,  
And my weak heart still vibrates to the sound;  
When airy views allure my weakened sight,  
And fond Credulity still dreams delight;  
When Pleasure smiles and gilds the fleeting charms  
With varied dyes, and woe me to her arms,  
Oh then, thou rugged monitor, attend,  
And struggling Virtue's sacred cause defend;  
Bring to my view those disappointed hopes,



That opening dawn of bliss so early  
lost ;  
Those thoughts suggested by Afflic-  
tion's lore,  
Those buds of wisdom which Misfor-  
tune bore.  
Say first what prospects op'ning to my  
view,  
By Hope conducted, Fancy's pencil  
drew,  
While blest beneath a tender father's  
wing,  
I knew no anguish, and I felt no sting.  
On Fancy's wing my airy visions flew,  
Nor thought them faithless till they all  
withdrew ;  
Nor heard the storm which threw its  
gloom around,  
Nor spied the dart which gave the  
deadly wound :  
Her keenest arrows Sorrow gaily  
drest,  
And grimly smiling plung'd them in  
my breast ;  
That breast which once, exulting in  
the pride  
Of youthful prospects, ev'ry care de-  
fied.  
O halcyon days ! that never can re-  
turn  
Too pure to last, and, ah ! too short to  
mourn ;  
O may that day in darkest hue appear,  
Which first call'd forth the bitter filial  
tear ;  
When sickness first its baneful influ-  
ence shed,  
And bent with anguish a lov'd pa-  
rent's head ;  
When art and medicine were try'd in  
vain  
To soothe his sufferings and relieve his  
pain ;  
Memory, recal the anxious doubts and  
fears,  
Deceitful hopes, and all the pangs of  
years.  
Oh can'st thou paint the anguish of  
my soul,  
Compell'd its bitterest feelings to con-  
troul ;  
Beneath a smile to veil the conscious  
smart,  
While the deep wound corroded in my  
heart ;  
Whilst ev'ry thought was ting'd with  
pallid care,  
And ev'ry tremb'ling nerve vibrated  
to despair ?

Hard is the task, the lesson most se-  
vere,  
When anguish racks, a look serene to  
wear ;  
Well might my heart prophetic dread  
the blow,  
Which levell'd all its earthly pros-  
pects low.  
Oh, thou lov'd object of our fervent  
prayer,  
O most rever'd on earth, most priz'd  
and dear,  
Beneath whose sheltering arm no  
storm distress'd,  
Whose precepts guided, and whose  
fondness blest,  
How shall my heart, while busy  
Memory strays  
O'er all thy virtues, utter half thy  
praise,  
Since every view my fatal loss pro-  
claims,  
And selfish sorrow all my soul o'er-  
whelms !  
Now may thy mourners pour the un-  
heeded tear,  
For cold's the heart that warmly felt  
our care ;  
For ever fled the hand that brought  
relief,  
And stopp'd that breath which sooth'd  
the voice of grief.  
O Memory, whither would'st thou lead  
my view ?  
To that sad hour when all my hopes  
withdrew ?  
When on my knees his lifeless hand I  
prest,  
And bore it frantic to my bleeding  
breast ?  
O, my lov'd father ! ever on that  
breast  
May the last look you gave me be im-  
prest !  
That look so fond, compassionate, be-  
nign,  
As if my future sorrows you had seen.  
Yet, Memory, tell how Hope's delud-  
ing charm  
My sanguine bosom yet again could  
warm ;  
Thou yet can'st whisper how my Wil-  
liam smiled,  
And how his charms my every woe  
beguiled ;  
When on his lovely opening bloom I  
dwelt,  
Reveal the transports that my bosom  
felt.

Oh! he was all my fondest wish could  
 form,  
 Bright as the day and fragrant as the  
 morn;  
 His sparkling eyes the fairest dawn  
 portrayed,  
 Whilst o'er his features mild expres-  
 sion played.  
 Deceitful hopes! for O! that fragrant  
 bloom  
 But shone to wither and to grace the  
 tomb.  
 I've seen those eyes, which sparkled  
 with delight,  
 I've wept them closed in everlasting  
 night,  
 I've gazed with rapture on that  
 cherub form,  
 Which every grace was eager to  
 adorn,  
 And seen it laid for ever in the  
 tomb.  
 Return, ye sorrowing hours, ordain'd  
 to bring  
 Such deep-felt anguish on your fleet-  
 ing wing,  
 Return—for oh! the mournful vi-  
 sions charm  
 As the lov'd relicts of my child I  
 mourn.  
 Say how my angel sought my arms for  
 rest,  
 And, whilst I clasp'd him to my burn-  
 ing breast,  
 Secure he lay, and smil'd to see the  
 tear  
 By anguish wrung and complicated  
 care,  
 When Sickness laid her hand upon  
 my head,  
 And through my frame the fatal  
 venom spread.  
 No more my arms a fond asylum  
 prove,  
 My cares all fruitless, impotent my  
 love;

Resentless Death, that long had ho-  
 ver'd o'er,  
 Now seiz'd the lovely victim of his  
 pow'r.  
 —O Memory, hence! and let Reflec-  
 tion bear  
 My soul from these, to prospects far  
 more dear,  
 When this vain scene is o'er, and I  
 shall fly  
 To parent, child, and ev'ry tender tie.  
 But oh! may all my wishes soar above  
 The narrow precincts of a mortal's  
 love!  
 May God alone my ev'ry wish inspire,  
 And kindle in my soul devotion's fire;  
 At last be worthy in his sight to  
 prove:  
 For vain is all that mortals fondly love.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

THE TEAR.

THINE eyes, lovely beauty, are be-  
 dewed with a tear,  
 And thy fair cheeks are suffus'd  
 with a blush;  
 Oh! then come to my bosom, confide  
 all thy fear  
 To one who so fondly thy tremors  
 would hush.

Give care to the winds, and resign all  
 thy sorrow,  
 And ah! let Love whisper soft in  
 thy ear,  
 That we, my sweet girl, may be hap-  
 py to-morrow,  
 And no more thine eyes be bedew'd  
 with a tear.

SEDLEY.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Anniversary Address, delivered before the American Literary Association, which was intended for the present number, is unavoidably delayed. It shall be inserted entire in our next.

Several poetical favours have been received, and will appear in due time.